

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 7.
Copyrighted 1889, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year in Advance.



CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

THE CHRISTIAN POWERS OF EUROPE EXPLAIN PRACTICALLY TO THE HEATHEN AFRICAN THE TRUE MEANING OF
"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter

ALEX. E. SWEET,
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4.00
Foreign countries.....75c. extra,
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

SALT "meet"—Sea dogs on a hunt.

Plane sailing—in a prairie schooner.

In the race—water to turn the wheel.

SEEKING blood—Invalids advised to drink it.

WILL get it in the neck—the Christmas Turkey.

No matter how cheap snuff is offered if there are no takers.

NEWSPAPER men naturally get the first ink-ling of the news.

"I'm no read bird," said the parrot, when given a book to peruse.

A GREAT many "buy" words will be used from now until Christmas.

A CHILD looks upon the most humble toy peddler as a man of rare gifts.

FILL yourself with the Christmas spirit, but beware of too much Christmas drink.

It was the man who couldn't button his coat who hadn't clothes enough to go round.

THOUGH a lady has little use for it, she will generally be found to have her isinglass.

A PRINTER doesn't object to having his form "pied" on Christmas, if the mince pie be good.

It is better to give than to receive, especially if it be a Christmas "box" from John L. Sullivan.

PARENTS in search of Christmas presents for the children, find themselves in the doll-drums.

HE hoped to win her by his presents, but she said his presence wasn't desirable, so he didn't send any.

DON'T buy land in Montana represented to have lead ore deposits, until you have been carefully led o'er the land.

THE gift show is about played out except on Christmas morning. Then it draws large and delighted audiences.

THE show elephant Emperor sold at auction for \$1,700 recently. An Emperor wouldn't bring that amount now in Brazil.

AN Ohio woman who thought she had been swindled in a set of teeth she bought of a dentist, said what she thought of him, to his teeth.

A SHOEMAKER's little boy wanted to know if Santa Claus' boots weren't made on a Christmas "tree." He associated it with a boot-tree.

"CAN I look in your city directory?" a man asked of the druggist. "Yes." "No I can't, I'm blind," and he carefully felt his way out of the store, chuckling.

"A DRUM," says the boy, when asked what he particularly desires from Santa Claus. "Add rum," says the man, to the compounder of Christmas punch.

THE NATIVITY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

(See illustration on cover.)



O! 'tis the midnight hour!
The Roman sleeps,
Pillowed in purple power
O'er Jews and Greeks;
Years, o'er the head of man,
Have ceased to be—
Since Rome's high walls began—
Seven fifty-three!

See! in the East, a star of holy light!
Leaps the horizon's bar and gems the night—
Pulseless—serene—it flings, o'er land and sea,
Its jewelled ray, and brings promise to Galilee.

Within his palace gates,
Herod, the Tetrarch, waits
The break of day;
And, to his council-halls,
Elder and high priest calls
In pale dismay.

Shepherds awake to greet
The Incarnate One;
And wise men haste to meet
Jehovah's Son;

While all the conscious air resounds again,
With "Halleluiah!" and "Good will to men!"

Since that bright star was seen,
O'er porch and pine,
Have years gone by—eighteen
And eighty-nine:

Again the season comes with blithesome cheer,
To wither all the woes of yester-year.

Fill high the bowl and mantle red the cup
From East to West;
Shake hands, old friends, and call the memory up
Of Him Who loveth best;
Let care be laid aside, and grief be done,
At Christmas-tide.

And, in the words of England's laurelled son,
"God bless us—every one!"

CHRISTMAS.

"Merry Christmas!" Will it ever cease to be the most musical key of greeting to unlock the door of affection and generosity? Shall we ever cease to associate it with warmth, and comfort, and blazing fires in broad chimneys and merry groups of happy young children; and somewhere the branch of green, in memory of the never-dying love and care of Him whose natal day we celebrate? How beautiful it is that the sweet faith is, year by year, renewed in our children, as they look forward with love and trust to the joyful time! How the wonderful spirit of the day has touched the hearts of great writers and glorified the literature that deals with it. Christmas story-telling has become one of the loveliest arts of modern writers, and to Dickens we owe very much of the beautiful feeling. How much he did for the Christmas sentiment; of all the minstrels of the Christian holiday, his songs have left most music in our hearts.

How could any one harbor selfish and narrow feelings after reading those shining pages through which we seem to hear the chimes of bells, the Christmas carols, the merry song of the steaming kettle, and the pleasant chirp of the cricket; over whose pages we see so many kindly faces and hear such loving words. The old yule log has burned to ashes long ago, and become only a tradition; but thank God for the love which never goes out of fashion; the gracious sweet-

ness of the Christmas time is just as bright and entrancing as in those olden days.

THE FAREWELL TOUR.

So Patti is coming over again to give another farewell series of performances. This we believe has become the universal custom with prominent actors and actresses. Perhaps it may be so arranged after a while that an actress may be able to make two or three farewell tours every season. Why not announce each performance as a positively last farewell performance? Nothing is so elastic as the farewell tour of a great actress. The dear public must be given just one more chance. This condescension is not unlike that of the British government towards the rebels during the first years of the American Revolution. Trumbull, in his *McFingal*, a satirical work almost equal to Butler's *Hudibras*, expresses a fear that if the ministry did not cease opening and closing the door of mercy to the rebels, the hinges might wear out. Our great artists are made of sterner stuff than mere door hinges. Apparently they never wear out.

THE ONE KING OF AMERICA.

When Dom Pedro was forced to abandon the throne of Brazil the newspapers said exultingly that there was no longer a king in America, but they forgot Santa Claus. He was crowned long ago, and when the period for his annual reign comes round there are none to oppose his royal will. He is the most unselfish of monarchs, for while he gathers tithes on every hand and demands tribute in an imperious way occasionally, he keeps nothing for himself, but distributes his revenues with a lavish hand, particularly among the children, who are his most loved and loyal subjects. His ambassadors have scoured every quarter of the globe to gather novelties for the great Christmas distribution; he has pressed all the adults into his service, and thousands of men will soon be making pack-horses of themselves in order that the little ones at home may receive their accustomed largess from their good King Santa Claus.

THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

The lesson of the approaching holiday is the lesson of the hour—to be studied, remembered and laid away in the storehouse of the heart. Happy is the man who has the means and the will to give. There are many little charities that call attention—many acts of benevolence, trivial in themselves, but a world of advantage to other souls than yours, whose hands are held out in silent pleadings for assistance. The tears can be wiped from eyes that will cause angel hands to pass soothingly over your brow in distressful hours. Lips can be made to smile whose laughter will re-echo in years to come, when the memory of your acts shall have passed away from your thoughts like a tale that is told.

THE grave-digger in Hamlet didn't know much about American politics when he said: "A tanner will last you eight year." The Corporal didn't last one.



HE LOST THE GAME.

HE (out of patience)—Now I'm going to give you a chance to make the last play in this little game. (Staccato) Will—you—marry—me?
SHE—Domino!



Now de wintry win'
am er blowin'
mouty brisk,
Oh! lissen to de
squakin' o' de
goose;
Makes ole niggers
git erroun purty
brisk,
Oh! lissen to de
squakin' o' de
goose.

Now Huldy put de coon an' taters on ter cook,
Oh! lissen to de bawlin' o' de calf;
De hominy's steamin' in de kittle on de hook,
Oh! lissen to de bawlin' o' de calf.

De backlog's blazin' in de ole cabin fire,
De rooster's done stop a crowin';
His tongue's froze stiff, an' he kaint use his toes,
While de blizzard's ebrywhar a blowin'.
De possum's done hid in de big gum stump,
De dogs howl unner de floor;
De roomatiz rage, ties ole niggers in a knot,
Poke de fire an' shut tight de door.

Move dat bench to de table ready for de Chrismas feasts,
Oh! lissen to de guinea hen a clackin';
De win's may howl, but we don't car' de leas
While our lips oe'r de wittles am a smackin'.
Oh! Lawd we's gwineter dine, jess' as fine as any silk,
De pot am a bilin' on de fire;
Tilt de pitcher quick, fer I wants mush and milk,
Fill up my wooden bowl now, Mariar.

WILL DIETZ.

TAD DE WEESE ON LOVE.

A venerable female friend of mine, who is president of the "Society for the Prevention of Celibacy among Widowers," has invited me to read a thesis at their next meeting on the subject, "Why we love." After reading a few of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's red-headed "Poems of Passion," and devouring a few real warm novels by Amélie Rives-Chandler, I have managed to evolve a few thoughts on love, which I think will be new and fresh. I was so delighted with the sparkling humor and the irresistible catchiness of the article that I finally yielded to the importunities of the press, and consented to have it published for the benefit of the public at large. I have a grievance against the public, anyway. Vanderbilt and I are a good deal alike on that point.

I think this article on the therapeutical effects of amatory consanguinity will give the connubial market an impetus such as it has not felt for years. If this paper shall be the means of causing some poor but fashionable vagrant to share his poverty with a worthy young lady of means who knows how to be economical with her husband's possessions, I shall feel amply repaid for the large amount of grey matter expended.

Ever since the balmy afternoon in Autumn, when Adam and Eve swung in the hammock and chewed each other's gum in the beautiful garden of Eden, man has been seized with an ungovernable desire to love some one, and woman has felt a strange longing to be loved by something. A woman, as a general thing, doesn't care to waste any heart-tissue in loving others when it isn't necessary.

Men who make the most fun of love are the earliest victims, and get caught before they are fairly ripe. When they wait till the lawn-mower of Time has cut down their locks and left a barren waste, then it is that

they fall head-over-heels in the matrimonial soup. They are the silliest lovers of all. A man is foolish to wait till the chill wind of life's Winter creeps under his wig and wrestles with the hirsute excrescences on his dome of thought before he falls in love. He has missed a great deal of fun. It is at this age that the amatory imp seizes the old fossil in his relentless grasp, and makes a blooming fool of him.

It is wonderful what a universal thing this matter of love is. All men cannot have the measles or be editor of a funny paper, but all men can love.

I have seen men who actually seemed to love their own wives. It is a poor stick, indeed, who cannot love somebody's wife.

Some men are long on love and short on ducats, while others are long on ducats, and with them can bull the whole market. It is terrible to be in love on an income of eight dollars a week. I actually knew a man once who died because a girl would not love him. The jurymen who sat on him at the Coroner's inquest said in their verdict that his death was caused by "heart-failure."

I don't believe that man was ever made to be loved, but as long as there are not enough poodle dogs to go around, some of the women content themselves with loving men. It is their last resort—for they must love something.

Love is a terrible disease. Those who can pass through it without an impaired digestion, or without having to wear a chest-protector can take a place by the side of the street car mule, so far as endurance is concerned. It is terribly rasping on the liver, but more so on the pocket-book.

Men who have fallen in love describe it as a sort of sinking sensation, attended by an intoxicating effervescence of sentimental spontaneity that makes a man forget his best friends. I have known it to make a man forget his debts.

It is a great thing to be forgetful sometimes, and anything that will aid a man to forget some things ought to be encouraged. I notice that Prof. Loissette has a patent device for strengthening the memory. He would make more money out of a scheme that would enable men to forget the past.

The peculiar thing about falling in love is that a man keeps falling deeper and deeper and never reaches the bottom—until he gets married, and then he begins to look around and wonder how far he fell and who shoved him off.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is one of the biblical injunctions, and many men obey it—so far as their neighbor's wives is concerned.

It is easy to detect a man who is in love. He acts as though he had something that didn't belong to him, and was afraid some one would see it, and he don't know how he got it, and he would like to give it to someone else.

TRUMAN A. DE WEESE.

"A Christmas day to be perfect," wrote Leigh Hunt, "should be clear and cold, with holly-branches in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner with mince pies, and games and forfeits in the even-

ing." A clear day in New York has come to be so rare an event that it deserves to be celebrated, whether it falls on Christmas or not.

SWEET SINGERS' AMENITIES.

High Soprano—What do you think, my dear; I've been invited to sing into a phonograph. Then, of course, I am to have it repeated for me, and I'm so pleased at the novel idea of being able to hear myself sing as others hear me that I can scarcely wait until the time comes.

Mezzo Soprano—How delightful!

H. S.—Isn't it? And I'm so sorry that you are not going with me. I do so wish you could hear those sweet, rich, low tones of yours.

M. S.—Have you selected something to bring out in full that wonderful upper register of yours?

H. S.—Why, certainly. I'm particularly desirous of hearing my high notes.

M. S. (very sweetly)—They say that though the phonograph records very faithfully one never recognizes one's own voice. Well, I must go now. I do hope, so much my dear, that you won't be dis—I mean that you will be pleased. Good-bye, darling.

H. S.—Good-bye, my love (soliloquizes). What a contemptibly jealous piece that thing is with her covert sneers. She always did envy me my clear, high notes. Good thing she can't hear her husky old voice.

M. S. (as she wends her way, soliloquizes)—Silly little fool! Well, I tried to save her from the mortification that is in store for her. It'll be a mercy to her if her piercing shrieks would shatter the machine, and a special intervention of Providence in favor of the man who owns it if they don't.

HE KNEW THE BARBER WAS AROUND.

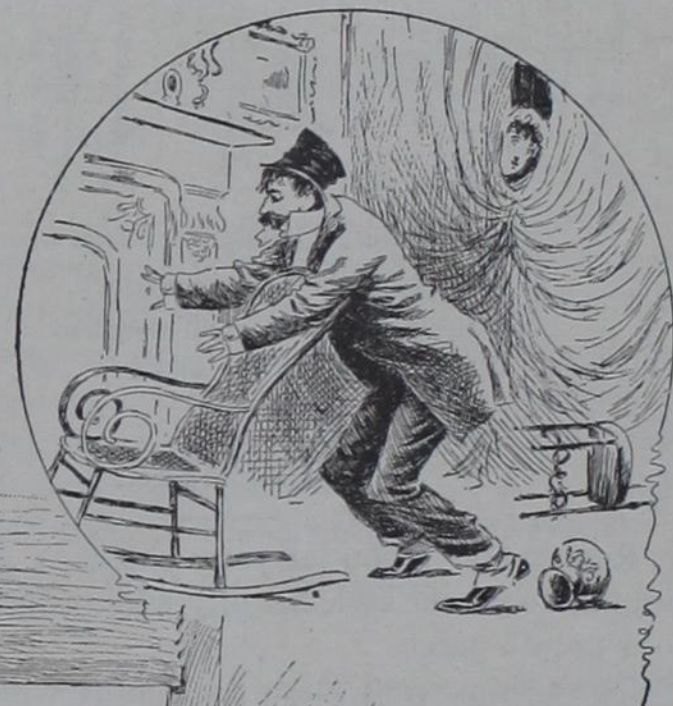
Barber—Razah pull, sah?

Customer—Why, you're not shaving me?

Barber (with a gratified smile)—Oh, yes, sah; nearly fru, sah. Didn't you feel me?

Customer—Feel you! Great Governor, yes! I thought you was giving my face a shampoo.

The boy with a sled draws his Sally, and when he grows up he draws his sallery, if he can.



WHAT MAKES A FULL MAN.

MRS. LITERARY.—Do you believe with the poet that reading makes a full man?

MRS. PRACTICAL (sighing)—I don't know that reading makes a full man, but I am convinced that a club reading-room does.



I walked into the dry-goods store
And bought my wife a dress,
A bonnet, gloves, and sealskin sack,
And laces to excess;
I bought of ribbons many a yard
And many things beside,
And yet that greedy dry-goods man
Was scarcely satisfied.

I then went to the jeweler
And bought a watch and chain;
A bracelet, brooch and ear-rings too,
And silver-headed cane,
His diamond studs I asked to see,
And was with some supplied,
And yet that grasping jeweler
Did not seem satisfied.

My tailor made a suit of clothes
Of faultless fit and style,
But though they fitted me so well
He did not seem to smile;
An overcoat he made me, too—
Of tailors art the pride,
And still that selfish tradesman did
Not seem quite satisfied.

The butcher always brought our meat
And often kicked at that,
The baker sent us daily bread
But never doff'd his hat;
The coal-dealer with whom we dealt
Our custom would deride,
And e'en the landlord of our house
Did not seem satisfied!



And why were all these tradesmen wroth—
What made them fret and frown,
Tho' I should purchase all they had
Whene'er I went to town?



Their icy looks and wrinkled brows
Would often give me chills;
Perhaps the reason was because
I never paid their bills!

REMEMBER.

Remember if you let your chickens feed from your neighbor's flower bed, his pig will probably get fat in your potato patch.

Don't think you are a pattern by which men should be cut out. Maybe you're a bad job, anyway.

Remember that it's a good plan to watch for your comrades' virtues and your own vices.

Don't swear you know a thing is true because you believe it. You wouldn't know you were living if your wife didn't pull your hair sometimes.

Remember that wiser men than you are buried without monuments over them.

Don't question any man's motives. Maybe the reason he doesn't set them up is he thinks your mother-in-law don't let you drink.

Remember the world forgets a million men where it immortalizes one. Fame is a fine thing, but it's harder to get than a prize in the lottery.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE REINDEER.

Of all the animals that roam the face of the earth, four-legged and hind-legged, not one of them is as dear to the heart of childhood as the Reindeer. It figures prominently in the most beautiful myth ever imposed upon credulous childhood. From the pictures of the reindeer commonly used in Christmas illustrations, it cannot be distinguished from the ordinary deer, so much sought after by boys inspired by frontier literature. It is a trim, beautiful animal, with slender limbs, a thick fur coat and horns. Its native haunts are away in the north many miles above the freezing point. It is

a speedy traveler from necessity, as the climate is so cold that it would freeze to death if it remained in one spot any length of time. It was probably the reindeer's speed that caused it to be chosen to draw the sledge of the fabled St. Nicholas. The person who invented the story of St. Nicholas and his sledge full of toys drawn by reindeers, was an artistic and thoughtful liar, even if he, or she, was an ancient and unacquainted with our modern inventions and business methods. There is something very touching in the sight of an honored business man and pillar of the church, with his little child upon his knee, listening with flushed, pleased face and wide-open eyes, while the parent leaps from lie to lie, in answer to the child's eager questioning, and to make the story hang together. Sometimes it's nip and tuck, for a bright child will ask questions that will make even an old and expert liar squirm to answer plausibly. It is in explaining how St. Nicholas gets so rapidly from house to house to distribute his presents, that the reindeer comes in very handy.

It must be admitted that it is rather a strain on a child's confidence to have it, when it grows older, learn from some of its more sophisticated companions, that the first story its father or mother told it, was an unqualified fabrication with the single exception that there is such an animal as the reindeer. It may be that the pleasure the story gives the dear little ones, more than counter-balances the disappointment, when they learn that it is not true, but it certainly establishes a bad precedent. E. R. COLLINS.

THE mild weather isn't favorable for the emotional young man who wants to sacrifice the young woman who declines to marry him. There isn't enough snow for him to "sleigh" his girl.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mattie Brown—1. From the sample of hair you enclose we should say you were a blonde. 2. Yes; if you can walk the tight-rope fairly well you might get an engagement at a circus, as they always need a Blondin the company.

McGinty—See answer to John Jones, Jr.

Alice—The late Hugh Conway is perfectly dead, we believe, but he still continues to write post-humous novels for enterprising publishers.

First Nighter—Wilson Barrett has not got a tenor voice, as you suppose. Everybody knows it to be a Barrett-tone.

John Jones, Jr.—See answer to McGinty.

Art Student—Steel engravings can be purchased at any first-class book store, but if you wish to save money, a respectable, well-recommended thief can steel engravings for you.

Dead Beat—Old medals are of little value except to curiosity-mongers. We don't know what yours are worth, and therefore don't care to medal with the subject.

Emily Travis—See replies to McGinty and John Jones, Jr.

Estelle C.—You appear to us to be a strange girl. You are ashamed to meet your lover because you don't know how to kiss. Well, we give lessons gratis to pretty girls. Call round and see us. Office hours 9 to 4.

Constance—The last of the Mohicans was not the same kind of a last that shoemakers use. The Mohicans were a tolerably well-clothed race and they wore moccasins to boot.

Jo. King—You wish to know what is meant by the phrase "the race for wealth." We believe that it applies to the Hebrews.

Love-Lorn—Say, if you don't let up on sending us your ragged, moth-eaten, frayed-edged, bilious poetry, we'll have you arrested for attempting to provoke a breach of the peace. We have stood a good deal, but are determined to sit down now—on you.

Mr. Jackley—We cannot give instructions for carving a turkey in this column. What's the matter with asking us to dinner at Christmas and then we can illustrate the operation?

Bashful—It is a fact that men of iron nerve are usually found to be also men of metal. This is especially noticeable among the "coppers." Whenever they are metal-lone be civil or you will be sorry.

S. E. Coffin—Your Christmas poem on "The Tomb of General Grant" has not enough hilarity in it to make a tramp smile, even if you offered to set 'em up. Send it to Judge or the New York Sun. They might pass it—by.

White Rose—See answer to Emily Travis.
JOE



Only a Drop of Water.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART VIII.



BY ORDER of Dagobert his dominions were divided between his two sons, Sigobert II. and Clovis II., on his death in 638. They were mere children, aged respectively eight and four years. I can imagine nothing more embarrassing to a four-year-old boy than to be suddenly elevated to the responsible position of king. To be called away from his marbles to mount a throne, and put on a crown several sizes too large for him. To exchange his little child's petticoats for the royal robes of an adult and pot-bellied potentate, and wield a sceptre in place of rattle. But such things sometimes happen where kings are the fashion.

But these boys only reigned nominally, the government being administered by an individual known as the mayor of the palace. This individual had greater power than the king himself, and was really the power behind the throne, as many a victim discovered, after he was thrown. He encouraged his royal master in idleness, intemperance and debauchery, the firmer to establish his own power, and several successors of the puissant and energetic Dagobert fell into such a state of incapacity and sloth, beginning with his son Clovis II., that they were contemptuously called *rois fainéants*—do-nothing kings. France had nearly a century of them. When talent and force of character was needed these contemptible kings lapsed into a state of imbecility and insignificance that made the people ashamed of them.

We read how Clovis II. was treated by the mayor of the palace. Once a year was he arrayed like a king in purple and gold, and allowed to show himself to his subjects on the Champ de Mars. But he wasn't permitted to say anything to the dukes and bishops and feudal lords assembled there, nor to give any orders not agreeable to the mayor of the palace. After the ceremony he was conducted back to the palace, his royal robes carefully folded and laid away on the top shelf of the clothes-press, his crown dusted and put in a hat box tied with a cotton string, and his gilt sceptre rolled in tissue paper and put where the moths wouldn't get at it, awaiting the next annual parade. All the *rois fainéants* were treated in about the same way by the mayor of the palace, who was generally a bold bad man intent only on advancing his own interests.

A duke of Austrasia and mayor of the palace, called Pepin d' Héristat, established a turning point in French history of great importance. He defeated the Neustrians at Testry in the year 687, which brought to a termination the long struggle between the two great members of the Frank empire, assuring the preponderance of Teutonic over Roman Gaul. He was a daring and able man, and made himself master of France, ruling under the title of Duke of the Franks, although he allowed one of the do-nothing kings to pose in that capacity on certain occasions. The Franks, under the leadership of Pepin, conquered numerous Germanic tribes and completely recovered their ancient supremacy in Germany. Pepin died in 714, after having governed France wisely and prudently for twenty-seven years. The king was changed repeatedly during that period, but it didn't make any difference to Pepin. He had everything his own way.

Pepin was succeeded by his son Charles, so illustrious afterwards as Charles Martel, founder of the Carolingian dynasty of France. Charles, like his father, was mayor of the palace and possessed the whole regal power. He was a great soldier, and one of his chief exploits was the defeat of the Saracens of Spain in 732, which perhaps saved Europe from the dominion of the crescent. It was this victory that gave him his name, Charles Martel—Charles of the hammer. He is sometimes pictured mounted on a fiery charger, vigorously hammering the enemy with his favorite weapon. Judging from his picture he must have been a man of striking appearance. At his death in 741 he divided his kingdom between his sons, Carlomen and Pepin. The latter, who was the first king of France, was the father of the illustrious Charlemagne, of whom I will tell you in my next, if you will promise to be good, *mes enfants*.

The late Emperor Frederick, when he was Crown Prince, while walking in the woods near the palace at Potsdam, one morning, perceived an old milk woman who was pounding the ass attached to her milk wagon, and talking in an excited tone to the balky animal.

HELPING THE DONKEY.

"What's the matter, my good woman?" asked the prince.

"I am in a great hurry to serve my customers with milk," replied the old woman, who did not know the prince, "and this accursed brute refuses to budge; but if you would be kind enough to pull him by the ears while I warm him up behind with this club, he will go right along."

The good-natured prince seized the animal by the ears and tugged away, while the old woman mauled the brute with her cudgel. Sure enough, the donkey trotted on, much to the joy of the woman.

When the prince told his mother about it, she rebuked him for being so familiar with the lower orders, whereupon the prince laughingly replied: "My father has helped many a donkey along at court."

ARISTOCRACY.

Disguise the fact from ourselves as best we can, we are all, at heart, aristocratic. Professing republicanism,



OUT OF HIS HEAD.

GUZZLETON (about to depart after a Christmas dinner at his club)—Shay, are you sure thish ish my hat?

WAITER—Yes, sir, there's your name in it.

GUZZLETON (looking in the mirror)—Well, then, I wonder 'f I hain't borrowed some other feller's (hie) head!

talking equality, and even voting honestly, makes us none the less aristocratic in sentiment, however much we may belie it in action.

The social conditions which surround us give birth to this feeling. It is natural in man to hold himself, in some sense, exclusive or superior to others. We do not complain of this feeling, as from it spring our noblest qualities. So long as we are permitted to indulge in the luxury of aristocracy, with no special or exclusive class in our midst to carry off the honors, no harm can come of it. It is only when the sentiment of aristocracy in the individual becomes offensive that we deride it.

NOT A PAYING BUSINFSS.

A.—Who was that shabby looking man you stopped to speak to?

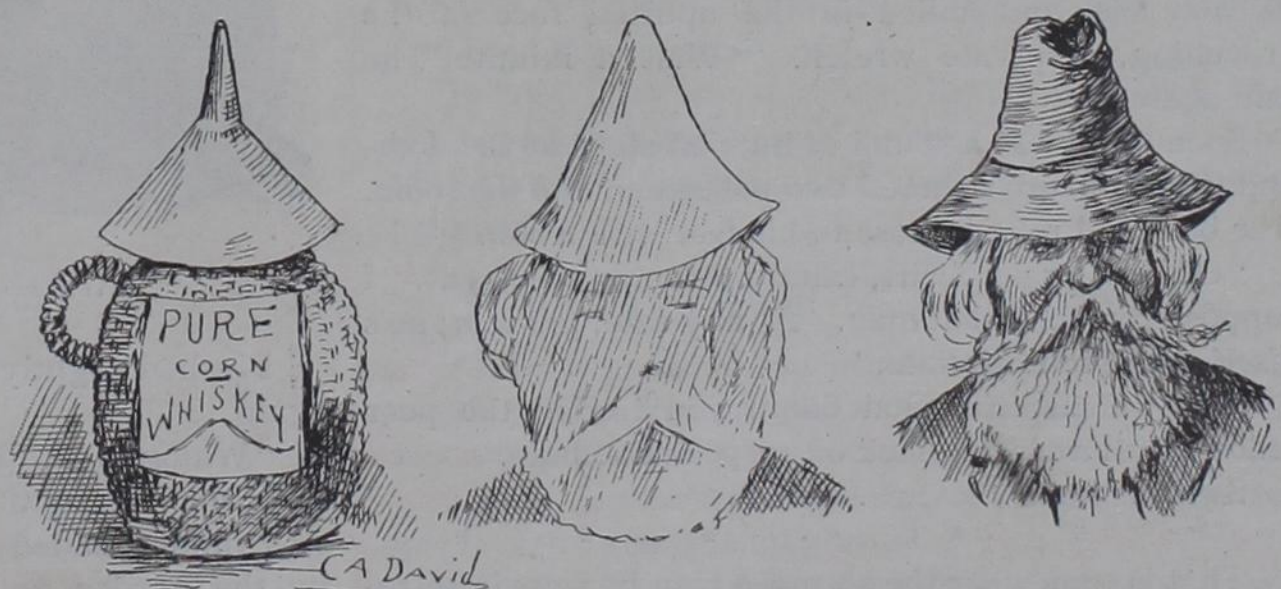
B.—He is a lecturer, just returned from a trip in the West.

But do lecturers look as seedy as that after a trip? Not generally, but he has been giving "A Reply to Bob Ingersoll."

THE LAZIEST MAN.

Harry—Who's that passing on the other side of the street?

Charley—Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really too fatigued to look further than the middle of the street to-day.



Evolution of the Kentucky Colonel.



NEW YORK SOCIETY BELLES.
Miss Biddy O'Hooly, of Goat Hill.



The Sort of Man SWIFT WAS.

MELVILLE PHILIPS

It is necessary to go back a little before we move forward with these memories of a very remarkable man. No one in the town was like David Swift and no one in the town or out of it liked David Swift. He was this sort of a man:

Just across the street lived the prettiest, liveliest widow in the world. Everybody knew that she made eyes at Swift; that she would stand before the windows in ravishing breakfast gowns and cough as he entered or left his house; everybody came to know this save Swift himself. The widow had a small son, and when the Fauntleroy fever seized upon the suburbs this boy became the most conspicuous object in the town; he was kissed half to death by the women, and fairly laughed out of his little boots by envious boys not dressed in velvet. Swift never looked at him. Now it appears that the widow, doubtless inspired by a fresh reading of the ever-fresh "Christmas Stories," and of current fiction of that class, conceived a brilliant plan to thaw David Swift and lift his sombre grey eyes to a level with her own. It was very simple. One Indian Summer day, not far from Christmas, she espied him in his garden sprawled out on a steamer chair. The garden gate was ajar, left so by One-Third White, the old negro servant who had just gone down the street. The widow whispered her instructions to Fauntleroy, and then stood back in the embrasure of the window and eagerly watched him as he tripped across the street and vanished through the gate. Presently he reappeared at the side of the recumbent figure in the garden.

David Swift was amazed. What manner of boy was this? "Well?" he demanded fiercely.

"Please, sir," whined Fauntleroy, shaking his curls complacently, "you looked so lonely, I thought I'd keep you company."

"Oh, you *did*!"

"Yes, sir; I have no father now, and I want one so much, and Christmas is coming, and—"

Fauntleroy got no further with his little address. The widow was shocked to see her son suddenly lifted from the earth and thrust howling through the gate.

The widow's plan was very simple, as we said; but unfortunately she did not know what sort of a man Swift was.

Again, a hunted criminal with wild black eyes and matted hair broke past the old negro one night and fell at Swift's feet.

"He'p me, for God's sake," he hoarsely implored. "Keep me here—only over night. I'll die for you if you do!"

"Who are you?"

"A ruined, wretched man—bad; yes, by God! a rascal; I've robbed, forged, deserted my wife—but, if you have a heart, give me another chance! I swear—!"

"Wait a minute," said Swift coldly. He stepped into the hall and whispered to One-Third White. Then he came back and smiled in the uplifted face of the grovelling, desperate wretch. "Wait a minute," he said again.

Soon there was a sound of hurried steps at the door, and the old negro ushered two policemen into the room. The betrayed refugee rose to his feet with a sob.

"Officers," said Swift, calmly resuming his seat, "I suppose you want that man. At any rate, jail him; he's a self-confessed criminal."

"May a merciful God damn you!" cried the poor fellow, with a blazing look of unspeakable hate.

Swift smiled.

That is somewhat the sort of a man he was, in retrospect. Now our Christmas tale begins.

As the jocund day drew nigh, the town bedecked

itself in green and spangles. The eager air was a-quiver with sleigh bells. One-Third White, (his master called him "Whitey"), on his daily walk to the market, saw bright expectant faces everywhere. He, too, took on "a shining morning face" for an hour or two; but returning through the garden gate he was careful to smooth it out and go into the presence of his master with the stolid look that years of thralldom had wrought into his eyes and rich mulatto skin. All of Whitey's life, which had now run to more than three-score years, had been spent in the service of David Swift. Lately his lot had been a hard one; as a slave it had not been half so hard; and he did not see the relief that was now so near. Since early autumn death had seized David Swift by the chest; the grip had tightened; the doctor had been paid and curtly dismissed. He was a pious, kindly man, and he meant well to his late patient in sending to see him the next day the popular young preacher who had been recently called to the Presbyterian church.

Whitey took the reverend young gentleman's card to his master, and stood patiently by with downcast eyes, while David Swift was racked with a sudden fit of coughing. This lasted so long and was such a distressful seizure that the old servant dug his nails into the palms of his hands in a passion of sympathy.

"Go!" said Swift in a weakling shriek, "go and tell the puppy that I'm damned if I'll—!" then he fell back on the pillow, and presently called in a feeble voice,

"Whitey."

"Yas, sah, Bossie, yas, sah."

"Show him in."

The preacher was a fine-looking, tall young fellow, with a cheerful, handsome face. He was walking easily and without clerical self-consciousness to the side of the bed, when Swift, raising himself up on one hand stayed the approach of his visitor with the other.

"So you're Carl Davidson, are you?"

The young man bowed.

"Reverend Carl Davidson, your card says."



"I fo'give you Mars Davie, chile—foah God, I do!"

Flushed slightly with irritation the clergyman bowed again.

"Whitey, leave the room."

If the old negro wondered at what he had heard, he was dumbfounded five minutes later, when, standing by the garden gate, he saw the Rev. Carl Davidson stagger from the house like a drunken man and reel past him with quivering lips and streaming eyes.

Half palsied with fear, Whitey crept to his master's room, and noiselessly opening the door peered in.

It was high noon of a glorious December day—a day to die in. Fine, warm sunlight streamed down upon the packed snow in the streets and sifted softly through the curtains upon the bed where David Swift lay gasping. A crimson spot was on each cheek; his eyes flamed in his head; his white hair lay like a cap of ermine upon his forehead. Whitey understood the faintest signal of his master's eyes, and now he rushed to the bedside with a soothing stimulant for which the dying man blessed him with a look. Then he was tip-toeing back to the door, but Swift called him to his side.

"Whitey, have I ever done a kind thing for you—have I ever said a kind word to you?"

"Oh, Boss, honey, doan' you—"

"Whitey, have I?"

"Why, Boss, what you talkin' 'bout? Suah you have."

"What, for instance?"

Now, look hyar, honey, yer git dead sick, suah, 'deed yer will ef yer—"

"Whitey, don't lie. I've been a brutal master to you all your life. I've—"

"Boss, honey!"

"I've treated you like a dog; and you—you've actually loved me for it—*loved me!* My God, I believe you have. *Have* you, Whitey?" O, the eagerness of his fainting voice.

"Mars Davie, Mars Davie!" His tears fell upon his master's pleading hands.

"Dear old Whitey, lie to me. I'm dying, shall die to-night, and I want a loving hand in mine when I go. Why haven't you killed me for my cruelty to you? Dear old fellow—if I could only live to make you happy now!"

"Mars Davie!!"

Swift could not see that these repentant words of his were really the cruellest he ever uttered to the meek old slave. He had fallen on his knees and buried his face in the coverlet, and was patting the knees of his master with his bent and bony hands.

"Listen, Whitey. You know how happy I once was. You remember the Christmas Eve I was married? You remember *her*? You thought she went away, and was taken sick and died, didn't you? You never knew, of course, that—that—she *stole* away—that my best friend went with her, Whitey; that she's alive to-day, that for years I've been slowly dying with hunger to see her—that I never have—but when Davidson died I—I—paid more than half the money I had into her bank, and she never knew who gave it; that the child that should have been mine—that was mine—has been the beneficiary of my money—has been here to-day—to give me consolation—and he had never heard of me—O, God, my God!"

"Doan', Mars Davie, doan' cry like that: you'll break my heart, 'deed you will."

"—Had never heard my name, Whitey—my own boy, had never—"

He was clasped now, sobbing like a child, in Whitey's arms.

* * * * *

The moon came up very late, bringing a brisk wind with it that flung the branches in the garden so wildly about that the old negro felt sure the dancing shadows on the coverlet and ceiling must worry his master. He made a move to draw the curtain, but Swift stopped him.

"Let the demons play! Whitey," he murmured. "I love them."

Later on a band of mummers thundered at the garden gate, and Whitey was sallying furiously forth to rout them when he was checked again, this time in a rattling voice that chilled his blood.

"Going, Whitey—I feel it—don't leave me. Under my pillow

are two envelopes, one for you, one for *her*. I've divided the rest between you. Dear old fellow, *you* loved me, at least. Whitey, what a brute I've been. Give me a Christmas gift. Say, 'I forgive you'—that's the gift I sent to *her* through our son. Say it, Whitey."

"Oh, Mars—"

"For Jesus' sake, Whitey."

"I—I—Mars Davie, I—"

"Whitey, I remember I sold your wife away from you, and you did not kill me. Would you kill me now?"

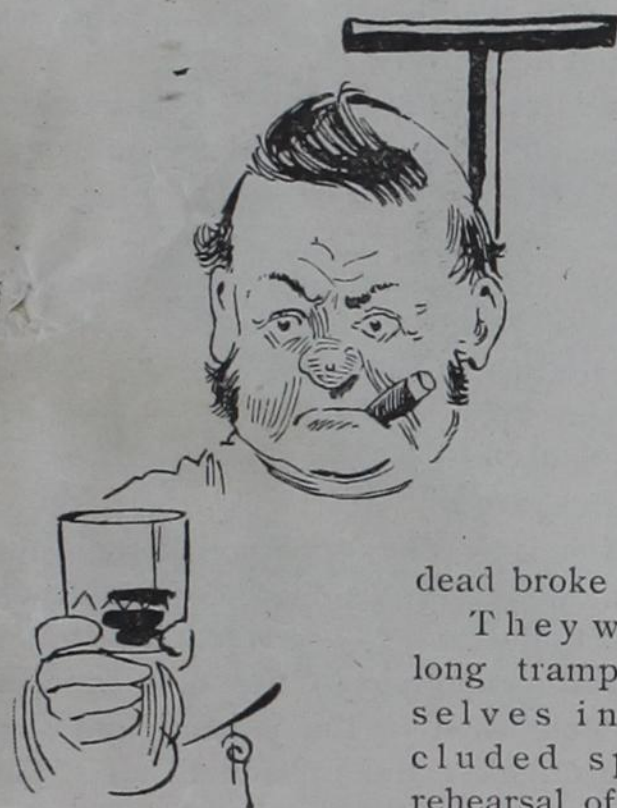
"I fo'give you, Mars Davie, chile—foah God, I do!"

David Swift closed his eyes to the dancing demons. He never spoke again. When Christmas dawned the old negro awoke from a troubled sleep and stared at the dead body of his master. On the lips was the first smile he had seen there for many years.

Now you may say for yourself what sort of a man Swift was. In the town where he died he was held to be a hard-fisted, heartless fellow, but a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and his mother, a remorseful woman, had carved upon a tombstone for all the world to read:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
DAVID SWIFT.
HE LIVED MORE SINNED
AGAINST THAN
SINNING,
AND HE DIED IN
PEACE.

A REFORM MOVEMENT.



EMPERATE reader, did you ever hear two dilapidated, old, drinking chums moralizing and philosophizing on the evils of intemperance, after a prolonged debauch which has left them miserably depressed and

dead broke?

They wander away on a long tramp, or seat themselves in some very secluded spot, and after a rehearsal of all of the happen-

ings they can call, of the spree just ended, will relapse into a dismal silence to be broken by a sigh and some such remark as "It won't do, old boy; this sort of thing won't do."

"No, it won't do. We are ruinin' our prospects and breaking down our constitution."

"That's what's the matter," with a sorrowful assenting nod, "the line's got to be drawn somewhere."

"Yes, sir; and the way to quit is to quit."

"And we might just as well come to it first as last. This thing of trying to taper off is all nonsense."

"Can't be did. No use talkin'; my mind is made up. No more drinkin' for me—not a drop."

"Nor for me."

"I know that one good big snort of good liquor, right now, would do me a power of good. But would that satisfy me? Course not. No, sir; I wouldn't take one drink—not one drink—for a thousand dollars."

"Nor me neither—not for ten thousand. I tell you when I think of the chances for making money and an honorable name that I have frittered away through this foolish and accursed habit of drink-

in', it makes me feel mighty blue,

"Me to."

'Member when I was Secretary of Home Fire and Life at \$3,500? Did not see no slicker lookin' feller than me in them days. One little spree lastin' 'bout six weeks knocked me out of that. Might have been President of the Company to-day hadn't been for that."

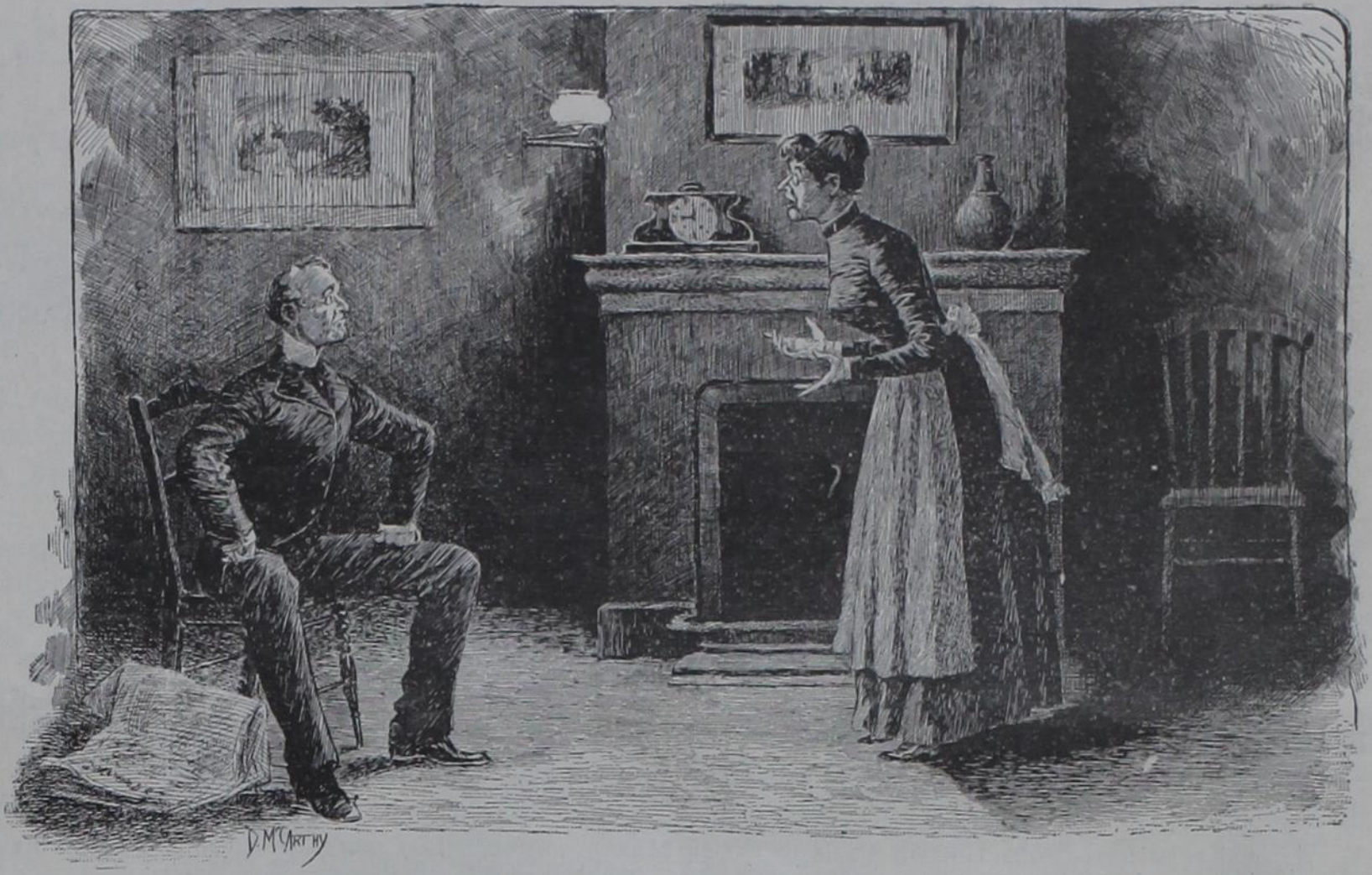
"Course you would, and there

was me, Cashier of the Family Friend Savings Society, drawin' my little old \$400 a month. Got a drinkin' and thinkin' I was so all-fired smart, and monkeyn' with stock margins and blowin' in a little of the Bank's stuff, and first thing I knew I was kicked out and made a mighty narrow escape from breakin' into the penitentiary. Hadn't been for that poor old dad of mine I'd been there now. Wasn't my fault, either. Whisky done it."

"Course. Whisky done you up same as it did me and my father before me."

"My old man was a hard drinker, too. I don't know but there's a good deal in this inherited love of liquor idea. Maybe 'taint no more'n fair, after all, for the old man to have to pony up that shortage of mine; though he didn't seem to look at it in that way. By George, my head feels tough!"

"So does mine. Kind of a pressure on it and a dull,



SHE DIDN'T WANT THE FIRE ENGINES CALLED OUT.

LANDLADY (to boarder who objects to his solitary gas jet being secured at half blaze)—
"Do you want the neighbors to think the house is afire?"

stuffed-with-cotton feeling inside."

"That's it, exactly. And a kind of a scared feeling 'z if you was goin' to lose your mind."

"Yes, me too."

A long silence.

"Say, Jim!"

"What."

"I've been this way before—"

"So've I."

"—And I believe that the only thing that saved me from going crazy was a couple or so o' stiff drinks of good whisky. I'd hate like thunder to take it, though, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would, but I believe myself it 'ud be the best thing we could do. Wonder if we could stand Old Shorty off for a few rounds. I don't owe him more'n five or ten dollars, and I'll bet I've spent a thousand dollars in his old rum hole if I've spent a cent."

"Well, we might tackle him. I've blown myself there a heap, too, and I'm owin' him mighty little, I'm a tellin' you—considerin'."

"We'll go and see him, anyhow. But first let's understand this thing—no getting drunk, mind. Not more than three drinks—good-sized drinks."

"Or mebbe, say four or five—case any of the boys are there. No use pinnin' ourselves down too tight."

"Oh yes; case any of the boys are there, mebbe six or seven."

"But not to exceed eight or nine."

"Or, s'pose we say at the very outside—ten."

"All right, ten's a go."

"Ten stiff ones and that'll settle it."

"That'll settle it. To-morrow we'll be feelin' better, and we'll let the cursed stuff alone. I'd take some of these bromides but they're so plagued hard on the stomach."

"Well, let's hurry 'round." In cases like this Shorty can generally be prevailed upon, or the boys are numerous enough, and the faint glimmer of the next day's dawn dimly reveals the prostrate forms of the ex-Secretary and ex-Cashier with arms still linked and their blushing noses coyly concealed in the ash-pile of some Jersey City dump.

CURT.

TOO HASTY.

Police Judge (to Park Policeman)—Why did you arrest this young couple?

Policeman—They came into the park late in the evening, sat down on a bench in the shadow of a tree, and then they two caressed.

Judge—They took a rest, did they? Well, what's a park bench for except to take a rest on? Never take arrest on such grounds as that. Discharge the prisoners.

TOO MUCH EN RAPPORT.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot employ you," said the owner of a dairy to a sturdy six-footer with a voice like blooming thunder, who had applied to him for a "job."

"But," insisted the applicant, "I know all about the work—I'm an expert milker—"

"Can't help it," interrupted the Dairyman, "your voice would curdle the milk."

That settled it.



HE HAD HAD ENOUGH WORLD'S FAIR.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (carefully closing the sanctum door)—I have here an idea for the World's Fair in 1892 which—

EXHAUSTED NEW YORK EDITOR—But I've had all the World's Fair I want. Take the next train for Chicago; they need you there.

BILL SNORT IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OL. SNORT in a new rôle—Wanamaker has a new business scheme—Mayor Grant persuades Snort to help boom the New York Fair Fund—Snort, Grant and Depew in consultation—Snort offers to shoot a rich dude to encourage the rest to subscribe—Social

Scandal—Snort's letter in full to Johnny Fitzzletope.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I am still here in New York helping Mayor Grant get up the World's Fair Guarantee Fund. I'll tell you how I came to be mixed up in the disgraceful affair.

When I returned from Boston to New York Mayor Grant called at my hotel. He was black under the eyes, and looked like a boy who had just reveled in his first cigar. He has that Fair on his mind.

"Col. Snort, how long are you going to stay in New York?" asked Grant feverishly.

"I am going on to Washington to-morrow, Mr. Mayor," I replied.

"What have you got to do there? Anything of importance?"

"I should say so. In the first place Vice-President Morton is laying in a stock of liquors for his new bar. Congress will be in session, and Morton wants me to select the brands of whiskies to which the Texas members are most addicted. Whisky talks, you know. At least, it tells on some of us. Morton don't know what kind of barbed wire we Texans need on the inside to put us in a good humor."

"Can't you get Col. Ochiltree to attend to this Morton House bar business for you?"

"What! Bill Snort lead an innocent youth astray? No, I want to sample that nose-paint myself. Whenever I see whisky my mouth waters. Besides, Postmaster-General Wanamaker wants to see me on another matter of national importance."

"What is it, Col. Snort?"

"The Postmaster-General is going to issue a new style of hat, to be called the Bill Snort Chapeau. It will be in shape a sort of a compromise between the Blaine plug and the cocked hat into which Harrison was knocked at the last election."

"So the Postmaster-General is going to issue a new hat?"

"Yes, it is for the second and third class postmasters all over the country. Those postmasters who, in accordance with the civil service reform rules, have sent in the most orders to John Wanamaker's stores for ready-made clothing, will get one of these complimentary Bill Snort hats for a New Year's present. Those who have not drummed up any business for Wanamaker will get bounced."

"Some of them ought to get six months instead of a hat, but Snort, I want you to stay right here in New York and help me and Chauncey Depew boom up the Fair Fund. We need ten millions and we haven't got five yet."

"What's our Chauncey after now?"

"He has got a Presidential bee as big as a prairie chicken in his bonnet. He sees Presidential turkey in sight in 1892. He has actually picked out his cabinet already, and got his inaugural under way. If the Fair is held in New York it will help us both. We need your advice, Snort."

"What's the Fair Committee doing?"

"As far as I know, it hasn't got through yet doing nothing. It reminds me of the Keeley motor, which is the only other thing that can pour in. We have had cartoons in the comic papers work for months and do nothing. They could get into a dime museum as ossified men."

Although the welfare of the nation depended on my getting to Washington right off, I finally consented to remain over in New York one day and hold a conference with Grant and Depew.

We met in the Governor's room in the City Hall. After Depew had made his little usual after-dinner speech, I remarked:

"Have you utilized the Press, Mr. Mayor? Have Chicago and St. Louis been properly blackguarded?"

Grant—"I should say so, Col. Snort. I have hired several of the most expert newspaper liars in the city

to write startling headlines about the deluge of money ridiculing Chicago—but the money rolls in like cold molasses."

Depew—"The Press, Col. Snort, is useful in publishing after-dinner speeches, but otherwise its mission for good is limited."

Snort—"Mr. Mayor, if the New Yorkers refuse to subscribe, why not have the police bulldoze them? They can do it in perfect safety, as no New York policeman is ever punished, no matter how many homicides he commits."

Grant—"I know that, Col. Snort, but even a New York policeman can't club money out of a man who hasn't got anything. In New York, as elsewhere, the poorer classes are not wealthy."

Snort—"Why not club the rich people, then?"

Grant—"Because this is a civilized community. You must not suppose you are down South in Texas where one man is as good as another."

Snort—"That's so. I forgot I was in a civilized community. Well, then the rich New Yorkers must be reached in some other way."

Depew—"I think, gentlemen, if we get up a banquet, and I were to make a little after-dinner speech, it might move them."

Grant (sarcastically)—"Very likely, but it wouldn't bring in any money."

Snort—"Why don't you urge the clergy to appeal to the wealthy members of their congregations, and if they didn't subscribe, then tell them to go downwards—where McGinty is?"



Snort's plan for Raising the Money.

Grant—"It would be of no use. The rich people don't go to church much. Besides, the clergy need for themselves all the money they can gouge out of their flocks."

Depew—"Perhaps if I could get into the pulpit, myself, and make a little after-dinner speech, they would contribute more liberally?"

Grant—"Yes, Chauncey, for you to stop, perhaps. Better keep those speeches until after you have been nominated. Never unmask your battery, Chauncey, before your guns are loaded."

Snort—"It seems to me, Mr. Mayor, that you are at the end of your row. Mr. Depew, suppose you issue railroad passes to all the rich people who will subscribe to the fund. It will make you popular in 1892."

Depew—"They have already got passes."

Snort—"You have a great many wealthy friends in New York. You are a silver-tongued orator, etc., etc. Why not apply to them personally. It will help you in 1892."

Grant—"That's a splendid idea, Depew. Suppose you make a little after-dinner speech to Dudely Canesucker, the Fifth avenue millionaire?"

Depew—"I did. He is in favor of the Fair being held in London."

Grant—Perhaps Knickerbocker Vanchump will do something?"

Depew—"He says he has spent so much money for thoroughbred English cattle that he can't afford it."

Grant—"How about old Bondclipper?"

Depew—"He is offering four millions for Prince Vermecelli for his eldest daughter. He has no money to waste on fairs."

Grant—"Well, perhaps that rich widow Tongsly, on Madison avenue, will do something. She owns lots of real estate."

Depew—"She is selling off her real estate to buy a second-hand English duke if she can find one to suit her. She has no money for fairs."

After I listened to this for some time I at last said, striking my fist on the table:

"Gentlemen, neither of you can make this Fair a success. Now, let Bill Snort try his hand. Mr. Depew, give me letters of introduction to these rich Republican dudes of New York, and in twenty-four hours I'll have the money or show you how a New York dude looks inside."

Depew—"Don't be rash, Col. Snort."

Snort—"I'm going to make a little after-dinner speech to the rich dudes, and the first one that refuses to subscribe I'll shoot and carve him to encourage the rest to do better."

Grant—"But, Col. Snort, there is a 'law against it.'"

Snort—"What difference does that make, if I have a pull with Tammany Hall? When a man has Tammany Hall behind him, there is no rascality he can not commit with impunity. Ain't that so, Mr. Mayor?"

Grant—"But even Tammany Hall can't prevent you from being tried for murder."

Snort—"Depew, here, will hire Howe & Hummel to defend me, and then the trial won't amount to much."

Grant—"But, Col. Snort, you must not shoot a rich dude in New York?"

Snort—"Why not, in the name of common sense?"

Grant—"Because New York's only claim on Chicago as a site for the World's Fair is our superior morality, and if you kill a rich dude the coroner will take charge of the body."

Snort—"Well, what of it?"

Grant—"What of it! Why, don't you know whenever a rich man is killed, or drops dead from any cause in New York, he is found to be loaded with love-letters from married ladies belonging to the first families. These letters are published in the papers, and then there are social earthquakes and upheavals, etc. This sort of thing destroys New York's claim as a moral city."

Depew—"And it causes innocent hearts to bleed. For heaven's sake, Col. Snort, don't shoot a rich man in New York, but if you must, let me pick him out."

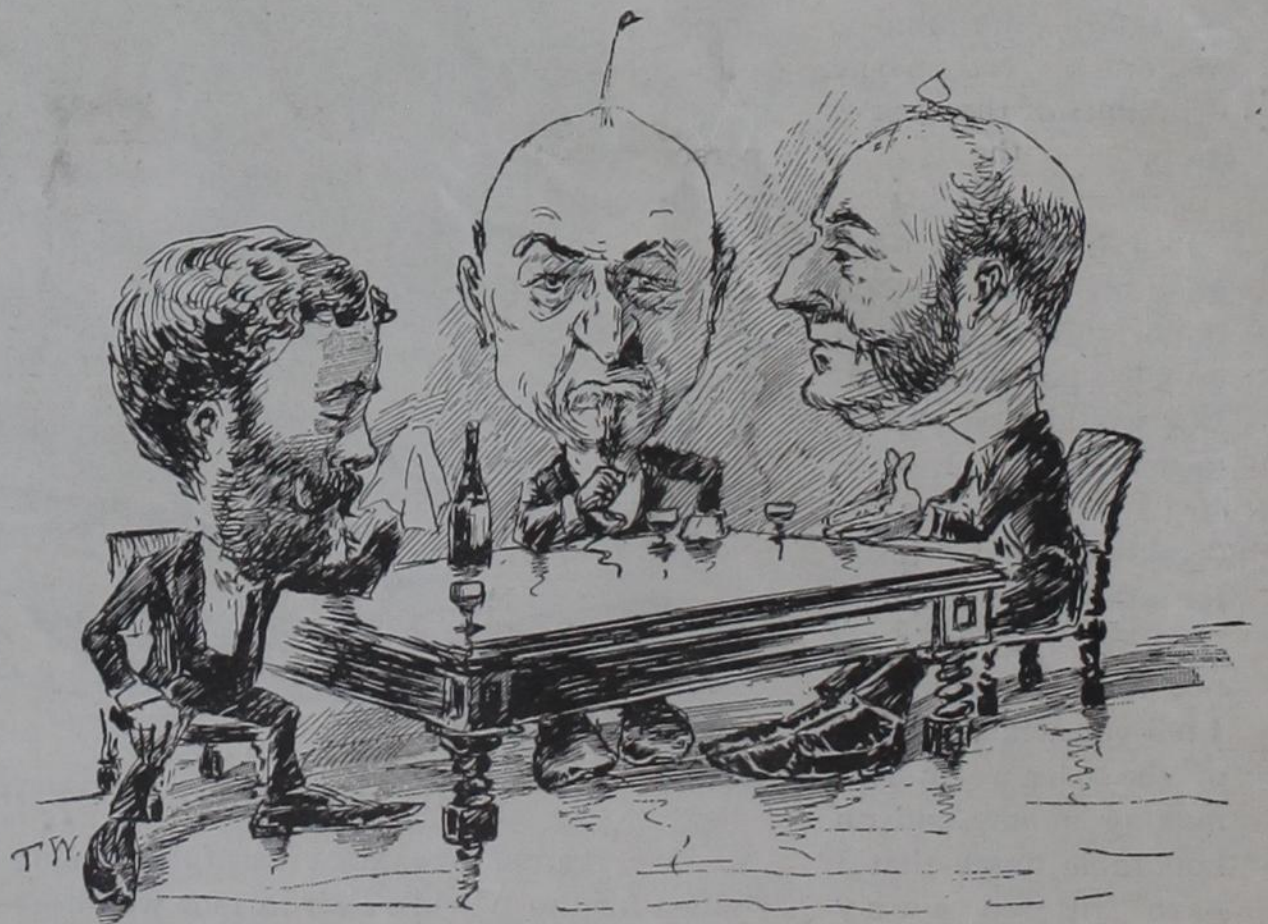
Snort—"Gentlemen, there is no other way to raise money for public purposes in New York; but an idea strikes me. You two gentlemen wish to be popular in New York."

Grant and Depew—"You bet."

Snort—"Then the sooner you drop this Fair business the better. If you keep on trying to raise money for the Fair, some morning you will wake up and find yourselves inmates of the silent tomb. You will be regarded by the New Yorkers as a public enemy. Thus far you have done so little for the Fair that nobody suspects you as yet, but if you keep on talking this way the cat will be out of the bag. I'll not give you away. If anybody accuses you of trying to have the World's Fair you can prove an alibi by Bill Snort."

This ended our conference. The truth is, Johnny, Jay Gould is the only prominent New Yorker in favor of the Fair, and he wants it located in St. Louis.

Your friend,
BILL SNORT.



Snort, Grant and Depew consult about the World's Fair.



CHRISTMAS PARLOR MAGIC.

YOUNG MR. GRIGSBY (to elderly lady in the foreground)—Mr. Snooks performs those tricks very well for an amateur. I didn't know he was a prestidigitator.
 ELDERLY LADY—Prestidigitator, is he? Strange, how our young men take up some other religion than that of their family. His father was an Old School Presbyterian.

WINTRY FASHION NOTES.

The speaker's mallet is the latest thing in raps. Woolen socks now swathe masculine wootsies. Last year's overcoats are *ong raggle* for this year's tramps.

John L. Sullivan keeps in stock a large assortment of warm raps for the winter season. Adv't it.

As the holiday season approaches, confectioners grow cheerful in anticipation of the Christmas trade—and colic will soon be the latest thing in kids.

It is not swell to wear a boil on the neck at a swell reception.

The embroidered motto, "Give and take," makes a very pretty decoration for fashionable sandbags.

New Year's calls should not be cut too high in the neck. It is no longer considered high-toned to coil up the slack of your breath and let it rest on the mantle-piece while passing the compliments of the season.

To pun on the name of a person to whom you have just been introduced is not *gesundheit*. If you seem anxious to paralyze him, it is quite as *rechershay* and far more business-like to use a bung-starter, such as you can readily borrow from any obliging barkeep.

Some would-be gentlemen strive to smother an *anguis in herba* breath beneath the *whiff de clove* between acts. This is not as it had ought to be, and, besides, it is taking a mean advantage of the clove. The best plan is to leave your breath with the barkeeper for safe-keeping until the show is over.

Anxious Inquirer wants to know what would be an appropriate costume for a dairy-men's masquerade ball. A pail-green doublet and high-water pumps, with hose to match, would about fill the bill—that is to say, if it happens to be a milk bill.

Lamp-post decorations are the same as last

season. They are only *lum te tum* after nightfall and come in all grades of trouserings. As the thermometer drops toward zero, some pretty effects are produced by sifting frozen moonlight through the tangled breath of conviviality.

WILL SUMMERSMITH.

A man feels the income tacks worst when he sits down upon them.



HOW HE GOT IT.

GABBY—How did you get that dreadful cold?

SNUFFLETON—Id the datural way, stoopid! S'pose I advertised for plads ad spedifigatiods?

GENIUS AND LABOR.

A celebrated American statesman once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me; I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Daniel Webster once said: "If there be such a weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until I have imbued my mind with it." The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

SARCASM IN A NAME.

Shakspeare asks what's in a name? Occasionally, if it be a Russian or Polish name, about half the alphabet is in it. In this connection a gentleman with a peculiar name has turned up in New York. It is Joseph Suesskind, the banker who has hid the money deposited with by him poor confiding Jews and Poles, so that nobody but himself can find it. The translation of Suesskind is literally, sweet child.

AT HIS OWN SHADOW.

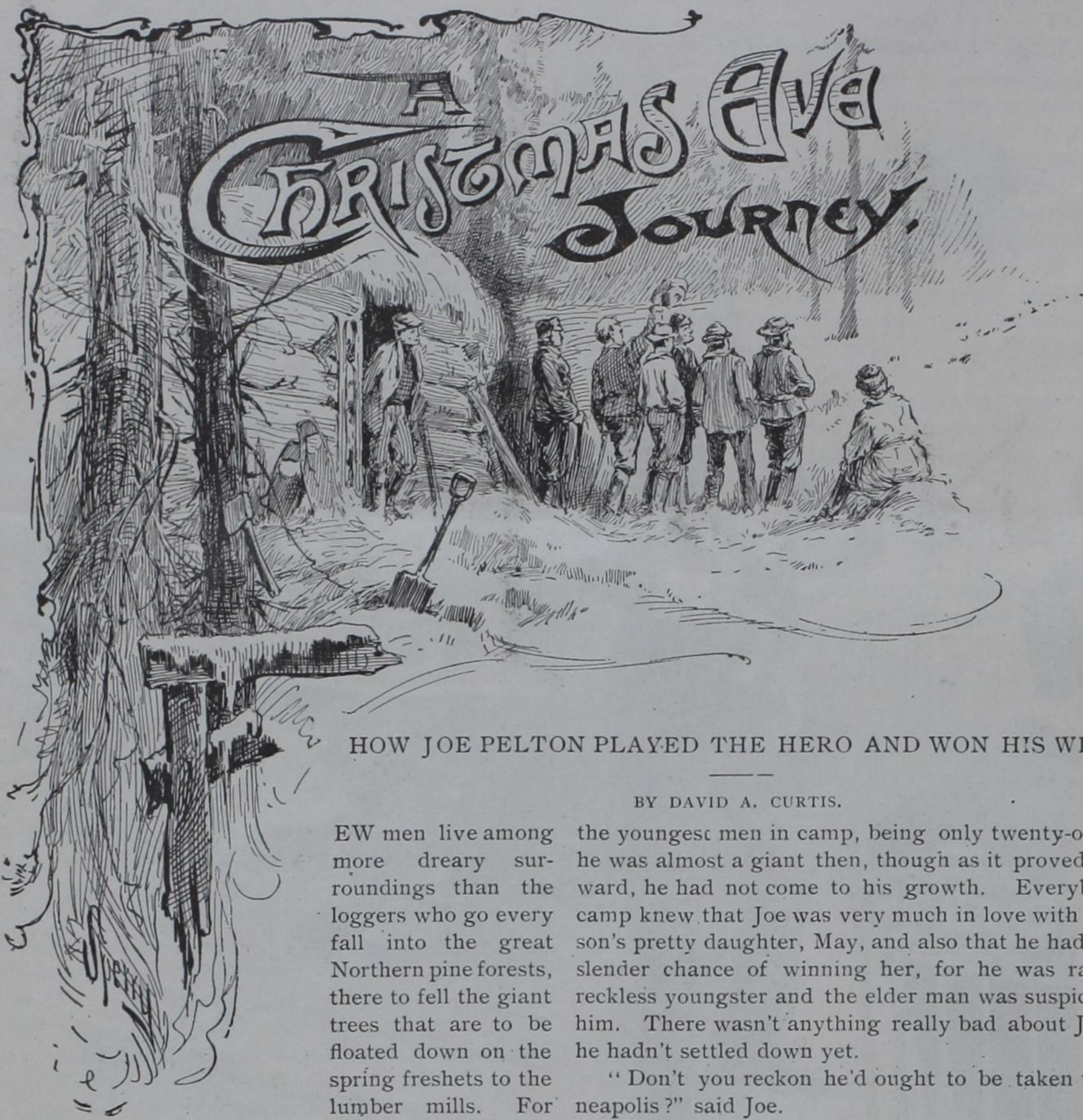
A man aroused his wife from a sound sleep, the other night, saying that he had seen a ghost in the shape of a donkey.

"Oh! let me sleep," the irate dame rejoined, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

Johnny—What makes you look so tired?

Tommy—My step-mother is sick and now I'll get licked before every meal. The doctor says she must take exercise on an empty stomach.



HOW JOE PELTON PLAYED THE HERO AND WON HIS WIFE.

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

EW men live among more dreary surroundings than the loggers who go every fall into the great Northern pine forests, there to fell the giant trees that are to be floated down on the spring freshets to the lumber mills. For four or five months or longer every year they are cut off from all civilization, barring the scanty store of it that they take with them. That is exceedingly small, for freight of all kinds has to be hauled up to camp at considerable expense, and civilization is one of the things they can quite easily do without.

A week in one of the camps is pleasanter and better than a month. The soft, almost impassable barriers of snow, six, eight, or ten feet deep that surround it on all sides are picturesque; the moaning and sighing of the winter wind through the branches of the big pines are musical; the aroma of the pines is pungent and pleasant; but when these delights have grown monotonous and one has to fall back on "old sledge," played with a worn, greasy pack, the thing palls on a cultivated taste.

Still, the trees have to be chopped down, so somebody goes there—a lot of somebodies, in fact, winter after winter to work. In one of Aleck Forman's camps, in Northern Minnesota, accordingly, were located in the winter of 18—, some forty of the rough giants who make up these little communities. They had settled for the season in the usual fashion, building their rude cabins and arranging their few conveniences as well as possible, and were looking forward with the lack of interest natural under the circumstances, to a lonely Christmas, when the monotony of camp-life was broken.

It is seldom broken except in one way, and this was in accordance with the rule. An accident happened. It very rarely happens that a skillful lumberman gets caught under a falling tree, but in some mysterious way John Davidson, the oldest and most experienced man in the "gang," managed to slip and fall partly under a falling trunk. If he had been squarely under it he would have been crushed to death instantly. As it was he was picked up senseless. The foreman, Charlie Andrews, was somewhat skilled in treating ordinary bruises and fractures, and he examined Davidson carefully, expecting to find several of his bones broken, but none of them were, and the men thought their comrade would soon recover. He lay, however, in a sort of stupor for three days, and all the men in camp grew thoroughly alarmed. It looked as if Christmas was likely to be a sad day indeed.

At length, one evening when Andrews had finished as careful an examination of the unfortunate man as he knew how to make, and had been able to get some few replies to his questions, he said to the others, "I'm afraid it's no use. I dunno what I kin do fur him. He's hurt inside somewheres an' he seems to be failin' rapid. I reckon he's goin' ter cash in."

There was silence in the little group for a few moments, and then Joe Pelton spoke up. Joe was one of

the youngest men in camp, being only twenty-one, but he was almost a giant then, though as it proved afterward, he had not come to his growth. Everybody in camp knew that Joe was very much in love with Davidson's pretty daughter, May, and also that he had a very slender chance of winning her, for he was rather a reckless youngster and the elder man was suspicious of him. There wasn't anything really bad about Joe, but he hadn't settled down yet.

"Don't you reckon he'd ought to be taken to Minneapolis?" said Joe.

"Yes," said Andrews, "but I don't believe he can get there in time. There's three foot o' snow on the trail now, and there ain't a team in camp that wouldn't break down on the road."

"Well," said Joe, very slowly, "if you fellers 'll make me a light sled to-night, I'll pull him down. It's only a little over fifty miles, an' I reckon I kin make it in two days."

"I dunno," said Andrews, doubtfully. "I reckon it's likely you c'd git through if anybody could, but yer mighty likely ter break down, an' if yer do it's all day with yer."

"I know it," replied Joe, coolly, "but I'll risk it. If I git him home he may have a chance, an' if I don't he won't be no worse off 'n he is now."

"Yes, but you will," said one of the other men.

"I'll take my chances," said Joe again, and they all saw that he was in earnest. The cool bravery of the man did not surprise them, especially as they knew just what was passing in his mind about May Davidson, but there was not a man among them who did not feel a thrill of admiration. One of the men, John Williams,

indeed was so stirred that he offered to go, too, but Joe declined.

"If I kin git through at all," he said, "I kin do it alone, an' there's no use o' more than one takin' the risk. I'll turn in now, an' git a good sleep an' take an early start."

So he went to bed, and the other men made as light a sled as they could fashion. It was about the pattern of a toboggan, for runners would have been useless on unbroken snow. Then they made as light a pack as possible of provisions and some few little necessities, and in the morning the sick man was carefully rolled in blankets and laid as comfortably as possible on the sled.

Joe started at daybreak, and John Williams insisted on going a part of the way with him, to lighten the work in some degree. As they started every man in the camp gripped the hand of the stalwart youngster in what each one thought was a last farewell. Perhaps Joe thought so, too, but his face showed by the hard way it was set that he did not intend to fail if human strength could carry him through.

About noon Williams returned to camp alone, and almost broken down with fatigue. "I dragged the sled nigh five miles," he said, "an' I knew I couldn't git back at all if I didn't turn then. So I turned. I tried to git Joe ter come back, too, f'r I don't believe he'll ever git through alive, though he was fresh enough when I left him. But Joe's good grit. He o'ny clinched his teeth, 'n' said he was goin' ter make the best stagger he could towards gittin' thar. Ef anybody kin, he kin, but I reckon we've seen the last o' both o' 'em."

As it turned out, they had not, for Joe got through all right, though he confessed afterwards that he had not really expected to when he started. The belief, though, that their two comrades were perishing in the snow made Christmas a gloomy day in that camp.

Joe used to tell the story of the desperate tramp occasionally afterwards, though it was not easy to persuade him to do it. I think, indeed, that he never fully got over the horror of his experience.

"You know th' ole man was wanderin' a bit before we started," he used to say, "an' the greatest fear I had about the trip was that he'd go clean crazy out thar in th' woods, fur it seemed ter me 's if I'd go crazy, too, ef he did. Ez 'twas, I sometimes think I kinder lost my wits fur a spell. 'Twas powerful hard work ploughin' along over the snow, specially where they was drifts, 'n' I reckon I must er lost more 'n five or six mile goin' round the biggest on 'em. Luckily, though, there wasn't many on 'em, an' the most o' the way twasn't so bad. Of course I had snow-shoes on, but I never was very handy with the blame things, an' the snow warn't packed hard enough to make the walkin' real comfortable."

"A'ter Williams left me, I begun to feel, right away, one thing I'd dreaded mighty bad, 'n' that was the awful loneliness o' th' woods. Ye don't know how skeery the big woods is till ye've been in 'em like I was, durned uncertain whether yer ever goin' to git anywhere. The wind was a sighin' through the big trees like it always does when they is any wind at all, an' it sounded so kind o' mournful that it put all sorts o' foolish notions into my head. 'Peared like the very trees was sorry for me, an' that begin to make me feel sorry for myself, an' sometimes I'd almost break down an' cry."

"I was always kind o' handy about reckonin' distances in the woods, an' I found I was makin' just about two mile an hour. I could ha' pushed on some faster, but I knowed if I did I'd on'y tire myself more, an' I didn't dast to do that. I had plenty o' time to figger on the journey, an' the highest I could get to it was, that if I could hold out, I might git somewhere near town the second night. I knowed I couldn't git out o' the woods in one day's goin', an' they was no use tryin' to



Joe Pelton's Heavy Tramp through the Wilderness.

travel at night among the trees. More 'n that, I knowed if I was goin' to be good for anythin' at all the second day I'd got to git a sleep, an' a powerful big one, after the first day. So, the days bein' short, I reckoned on about twenty mile the first day; then sleep till daybreak, an then the best I could do towards the other thirty mile. I knowed I'd be in the open when the second night came on, an' if I had luck I might strike a trail, an' mebbe git help somewhar. It was close figgerin', though, an' I made up my mind the one sleep 'ud be all I'd git, an' the second day I'd have to go till I dropped, if it took me way inter the night. I could steer by the stars I knew, if I once got away f'om the trees.

"Long towards night, I'm darned if the ole man didn't git plumb crazy. He hollered an' yelled an' struggled so to git off'n the sled 't I was afraid he'd break the fast'nin's, but Andrews had tied him pretty close, an' he didn't have sense enough to try to untie the knots. I had to tie his arms, though, an' I tell ye 'twas somethin' awful. Thar I was, miles an' miles awan f'm anybody but a crazy man, riskin' my life to save his, an' skeered to death for fear I'd be as crazy as he was in a few minutes, a tyin' him up to keep him f'm gettin' away. I got him fast, though, an' give him a dose o' laudanum that Andrews had give me for him, an' after a little he calmed down an' went to sleep.

"I went along till 'twas too dark to see the way any further, an' I knowed I'd got to camp out. They was a good many wolves 'round, too, 'n I heerd 'em gittin' closter and closter. I warn't afeard of 'em 's long's I was awake, fur I knowed how pesky cowardly the critters are, till they ketch a feller down, but I was skeered for fear they'd jump on us a'ter we'd gone to sleep. So I built up a rousin' good fire. That took time, but I made it o' brush an' chopped up a young tree 't I found, for logs, an' in about two hours I was ready to turn in. Then I stripped an' rubbed myself 's well 's I could with whisky and dressed an' wrapped up well, 'n lay down. Course I'd had plenty to eat. The boys 'd taken care o' that. I couldn't git th' ole man to eat nothin', though, f'm the time we started.

"Well, I slept tolabable sound till nigh daybreak, though I had to git up a couple o' times 'n feed the fire. Them blame wolves was too close to be comfortable. I c'd see 'em in the dark, smellin' and yelpin' 'round, but they was more afeard o' the fire 'n I was o' them.

"Soon as 'twas light I got up 'n het some coffee an' took a bite, 'n started. I was goin' by the compass, o' course, but I couldn't go in the dark, fur not seein' the way. Talk about ghosts! An' talk about gittin' skeered of 'em. I seen an' heerd more'n a million of 'em 'fore the sun rose, an' I had all I could do to keep f'm yellin' an' hootin' the way the ole man did the first day. Ye may think I talk too much 'bout the way I felt, an' mebbe another man wouldn't ha' been skeered like I was, but I was almost frightened to death for those two days. I knowed, though, 't the on'y thing to do was to push ahead, 'n I did. The ole man had woke up, an' it seemed to me like he was a little more sensible 'n he was the day before, but he lay quiet, 'n I didn't dare to say nothin' to him fer fear 't he'd start in yellin' again.

"He didn't though, 'n then I got skeered again fur fear he was dead. Everything frightened me, but I pushed ahead, 'n I don't think I stopped fifteen minutes all day. The fust thing 't give me any courage



A Perilous Fall.

whatsomever, was about dark when I struck a trail 't I knew must lead to Minneapolis. I reckoned I had nigh twelve mile more to go, but the goin' was a heap easier, na' I had some hope o' meetin' somebody or comin' to a house where I could git a horse. That cheered me up a heap, an' somehow I had no more fear a'ter that.

"As it turned out I was plumb wrong all round. I was on the right trail, to be sure, but I was more'n sixteen mile away f'm town. I reckon I'd traveled over forty mile, but I'd lost more'n I thought then, by not goin' dead straight. Then, 'stead o' havin' less to fear, I'd a heap more. I traveled along pretty well for an hour or two a'ter dark, 'n then I got so dog tired I took a big snifter o' whisky. I hadn't took any afore, fur I was afeard o' the stuff, never bein' used to it, an' knowin' 'twould help me awhile an' then leave me worse off. But I reckoned I was so near gone, an' so close to where I'd git help, 'twas time to take it. Thar I was wrong again. The dumed liquor spurred me up for mebbe an hour, an' then I kind o' lost track o' the time an' didn't seem to know much about anything, an' bimeby I 'keched myself thinkin' it didn't make much difference anyhow. I'd got ter die some time, an' I might as well lie down and be quick about it, an' as fur the ole man, thar wasn't much show fur him anyhow.

"I dunno how it was 't I ketched myself up again, but I knowed enough to know 'twas the cold an' me bein' so tired that done it, 'n I says to myself, 'Joe, you've got to git thar fust, 'n then's time enough to die.' I studied on it fur a minute or two, and come to the conclusion 't I'd got to hurt myself somehow, so's the pain would keep me awake, 'n I caught my little finger nail in my teeth 'n bit it off. Well, I had plenty o' pain then, and I jumped ahead like a tired ox when you gad him deep.

"That lasted me for mebbe half an hour, but I couldn't tell nothin' about the time. I'd lost track o' that entirely. Then the cold began to numb me again. 'Twat was a frightful cold night, an' I dunno how 'twas the ole man kep' f'm freezin' to death.

"Finally, I staggered 'n fell, 'n just as I did, 'n thought to myself 't I wouldn't bother to git up fur 'twan't wuth while, the ole man spoke up. I don't think he'd said anything afore, all day long. 'Joe,' he

says, speakin' sharp an' loud, but not hollerin', 'Joe, hear the Christmas chimes!'

"First, I thought he was ravin' again' but it started me up an' I listened, an' sure enough, the church bells, was a ringin'. Boys, I never knowed afore what church bells mean. Talk about 'Good tidings of great joy, thar never was tidings of joy came to me like them bell brought. 'Twas Christmas Eve, an' I hadn't never thought of it all day. Thar I was, within hearin' o' the bells, an' givin' out, an' I made up my mind I'd make another stagger, 'n I struggled up again.

"Twan't no use, though. I'd got plumb to the end o' the run. I ploughed along a bit, but as I knowed a'terwards I must ha' gone clean off my head, fur I left the trail an' wandered off somewhere, the Lord on'y knows where, but He must ha' been lookin' out fur us, fur I kinder wandered 'round, like, till I come back ter the trail agin, an' as luck would have it, I come back ter the top of a bluff, an' stumblin' ahead, knowin' nothin', I went plumb over, draggin' the sled along with me.

"Wall, we tumbled square inter the roadway. Ef it hadn't been for the snow we'd both ha' been killed, likely, fur we fell nigh fifty feet. As 'twas I couldn't git up, fur I was dead beat, an' the ole man couldn't 'cause I hadn't untied him. I was skeered to do it. But he wasn't hurt, an' he lay on one side, expectin' to lay there an' die, when he heerd sleigh-bells. Blamed if a feller didn't come drivin' along with a fust-rate horse. Seems he lived out on the perara* an' was goin' home f'm town, but he was a good-hearted feller, an' when he found out what the situation was he turned right away, an' took us into town flyin'. The ole man had sense enough left to tell him about it an' to tell who we was.

"The feller drove right to the ole man's house, 'n we found they was havin' a little Christmas party there, an' nat'ral enough they was talkin' about the ole man when we come to the door. The feller what brought us in, he was a trump an' no mistake. He told 'em the story, fur I'd told him as much as I could before I went to sleep in the sleigh. I was that tired I never woke up till the next afternoon, an' there I was in bed in the ole man's house, with the doctor lookin' at me.

"He laughed when I looked 'round an' asked where I was, an' he says, 'I thought you'd be all right, soon as you'd had your sleep out.' An' I says 'Yes, I'm all right; but how's the ole man?' Then he looked mighty grave, an' he says, 'I can't tell yet. He's been hurt mighty bad, but I reckon maybe with good nussin' he'll come 'round mebbe. He would ha' died, though, ef he hadn't been brought home.' Then he shook hands with me an' said all sorts o' foolish things 'bout me bein' a hero, 'stead o' what I am, a big man with tolabable strong legs an' arms. But Lord bless you! what he said was nothin' to the way the women took on, when I dressed an' went down stairs. They hugged me, an' kissed me till I was fairly 'shamed o' myself, an' the ole woman says: 'Joe Pelton, you brought me my husband for a Christmas gift, and I'll give you a wife fur yourn.' Then I knowed it were all settled, 'cause I knowed the ole man wouldn't never go back on what she said. An' he didn't, neither, when he got stronger, as he did a'ter a bit. He won't never be strong, like he was; but he's tolabable well now, an' likely to live a good many years.

"Well, them women made me talk all the afternoon 'bout the walk down f'm camp, an' when they wanted to know how I'd hurt my finger, an' I told 'em, I'm blamed if they didn't cry till I felt like a fool.

"That's all there is to the story. Course I'm powerful glad I did what I did, but I don't never want to go through such a thing again. Ye see I couldn't never get no such pay 's I did that time. The ole man an' the ole woman don't never seem to get tired doin' things for me, and my wife is all the time talkin' about it. I dunno 's she'll ever git through."

* Perara, i. e. prairie.





GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."
—Pope (to a Christmas turkey, perhaps).

WHAT SANTA CLAUS DID FOR JIMMIE BAXTER.

A miserable, wet and windy Christmas Eve. The rain driving sheets and the wind ruthlessly blowing umbrellas inside out and making pedestrians feel anything but firm on their legs. The street cars were all crowded with dripping humanity in very unamiable moods, and still less amiable were those individuals who, from business necessity, had to walk. The gutters ran like rivers, the wind shrieked through the bare branches of the trees in City Hall Park, and the *sine qua non* of that locality, the newsboy, was silent and invisible.

Behind one of the pillars of the City Hall portico little Jimmie Baxter stood with shivering limbs and chattering teeth. He was of the shoe black persuasion, and as it had been raining persistently all day, his business profits were represented by a cipher. Jimmie was an orphan of the tender age of eight, tall for his age, with a bright, open countenance that bespoke a fearless honesty and a determination to succeed if success could be attained. His parents having both died while he was a mere baby, he had been handed over to the tender mercies of a drunken aunt, whose treatment of Jimmie was always proportioned to the amount of money he brought her in. For even from the day he could first walk she had compelled him to go out on the streets and beg, or earn, a living. And from that day's financial returns Jimmie deemed it inadvisable for him to go home.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed, his teeth chattering at every word. "Christmas Eve, too, and I aint got but a nickel left to get su'thing to eat wid, and nowheres to sleep. Guess I'll run over to the post-office an' try to get warm agin one of the heaters. Lord, how the wind blows!"

Jimmie buttoned his little coat tight up to his chin, pressed his cap down on his head, and made a run for the Park Row entrance to the post-office. He succeeded in getting across the plaza and through the Park without incident, but just as he was crossing Mail street, a vagrant umbrella came tearing along from Broadway, and knocked the legs from under Jimmie, throwing him on his back, while it continued its way over towards the Tribune Building.

The shoeblack picked himself up ruefully, for he had fallen into a pool of water and his clothes were wet through, but before he could continue his journey a huge female form loomed up beside him and a strong voice exclaimed breathlessly:

"You little rascal, why didn't you stop it?"

"Stop which?" inquired Jimmie, sarcastically, "the umbrella or the wind?"

"The umbrella, you mischievous little imp!" exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "I've a good mind to have you arrested for not recovering my property!"

"Wot's de matter wid me suing yer fer damages meself?" returned Jimmie, scornfully. "I've ruined my new Christmas suit all through yer blamed umbrella! Yer ought to be charged wid losing control of your property, and allowing it to roam at large!"

This was the last straw to the exasperated lady, and lacking the proper means of chastisement by the loss of her umbrella, she swung round her hand-bag and made a vicious blow at Jimmie, accompanying the movement with words much more forcible than elegant. Jimmie dodged the bag easily enough, but either the force of the blow or the force of the wind, or both, made the reticule fly open, and out came a shower of papers, deeds, and crisp new bills.

"Oh, little boy, dear little boy!" exclaimed the old lady, in genuine distress, "please help me pick up the papers, and I'll give you a dollar—two dollars—five dollars—ten dollars—only please help me, won't you?"

Jimmie's natural anger at the cross-grained woman had given way to his generous impulses the moment he noticed the accident. There was nobody else in the vicinity, and the papers were blowing in all directions, but the nimble shoeblack had soon collected them all, and a dirty, wet and miserable heap they looked.

"Come into the post-office, ma'am," said Jimmie, "and I'll wipe all the mud off of 'em for you."

The lady, who was much more alarmed than angry now, accompanied Jim into the post-office, where, after ten minutes rubbing with his ragged handkerchief, he managed to get the thick of the dirt off the papers. There were several documents with heavy red seals, some letters, and \$2,000 in bills of large denominations. The sight of the latter made poor Jim's eyes water, but he scrupulously handed everything back to his companion.

"Where do you live, boy?" asked the old lady, suddenly.

"I don't live nowheres," replied Jim, with more emphasis than grammar. "Leastwise I aint got no regular home. I'm an orphan, ma'am!"

"But where do you get your meals?" she continued.

"Well I aint so pertikler *where* I gets 'em, as when an' how I gets 'em," responded Jim, truthfully. "I aint had nuthin' to eat since breakfast, an' I'm wet through."

"Well just come with me, and we'll soon remedy that," said the old lady, with a suspicious glint in her eyes, and Jim followed her through to the south end of the building and thence to a Fulton street restaurant.

When they had taken their seats opposite each other, and had ordered what appeared to Jim to be a sumptuous banquet, the shoeblack had to admit to himself that she wasn't such an ill-looking old lady after all. Her round, ruddy face beamed upon him so benevolently that he felt great compunction for having been rude to her. And with Jimmie to feel was to speak.

"You'll excuse me for being so sassy just now, marm," he began, his clear, honest eyes looking full into hers, "but I felt so cold and hungry and miserable when your umbrella knocked me over, that it made me kinder savage, an' I didn't know wot I said."

The lady smiled placidly and nodded her head, but said nothing in reply. Presently, however, she asked, "What is your name, boy?"

"James Baxter," replied the shoeblack, "but I'm always called Jimmie around here."

"Baxter—James Baxter," repeated the old lady, with her keen eyes fixed upon him. "You said you were an orphan; do you remember your mother's name—her name before she was married?"

"Yes," said Jimmie promptly, "I saw it written in a prayer book wot my aunt threw in the fire the other day."

"What was it?"

"Lucy Sanford."

The old lady's eyes glistened

and her hands trembled visibly. She muttered something to herself, but it was too low for even Jim's sharp ears to catch.

"What aunt of yours threw the book in the fire?" she suddenly asked.

"Aunt Matilda—father's sister," answered Jimmie. "She drinks, and she's a bad lot altogether. She used to spank me when I wasn't able to crawl, 'cos I didn't go beg in the streets for money for her to get gin with."

"She did, eh," exclaimed the old lady hotly, "then Matilda Baxter 'll hear of this as sure as my name's—Aint you hungry, little boy? there's the beefsteaks, so let's start in on them!"

Although Jimmie ate heartily and silently, he could not help wondering at the strange lady's manner, for she rarely, if ever, took her eyes off him and made but a poor pretense of eating at all.

Meanwhile Jimmie's new found friend had persuaded one of the waiters to go purchase her another umbrella, and when the repast was over the queerly assorted pair went out in quest of a boy's clothing store. In less than an hour Jimmie was transformed from a shoeblack into a fashionably dressed little gentleman. Then she took him to the Astor House, where in the morning Jimmie found the following note on the bureau in his room:

"I am your Aunt Jane from Boston, and have gone to give your other aunt a bit of my mind. There's money in your pockets—get your breakfast and wait for me. You'll go to Boston with me to-morrow."

Jimmie rubbed his eyes and pinched his arm to make sure that he was awake. He had never heard of Aunt Jane of Boston, but was perfectly willing to have one according to the sample he had seen.

In a short time the aunt returned glowing and puffing with excitement. She kissed Jimmie and said he looked handsome, which he certainly did. Then she explained that she was his mother's eldest sister, and was abroad at the time of the death of his parents. She had been given to understand that he was dead also, and had simply discovered his existence by accident. As she was a widow and childless, she wished Jimmie to go with her and share her comfortable home in Boston. Her present visit to New York had been to adjust some financial business connected with her deceased husband's property, and she had enough to keep them in luxury forever.

Jimmie took no time to deliberate, but settled the matter right there. Between a drunken aunt, rags and poverty, and the kind old lady and comfort there was but one choice for him, and to day as he sits in his own cozy law office, in which his aunt's wealth and influence placed him, he does not regret the ill-humored wind that blew the old lady's umbrella against him, and sent him sprawling in the mud.

J. S. G.

A LEADING QUESTION.

Lady of the House—Bridget, what became of all the cold meat that was left over from dinner?

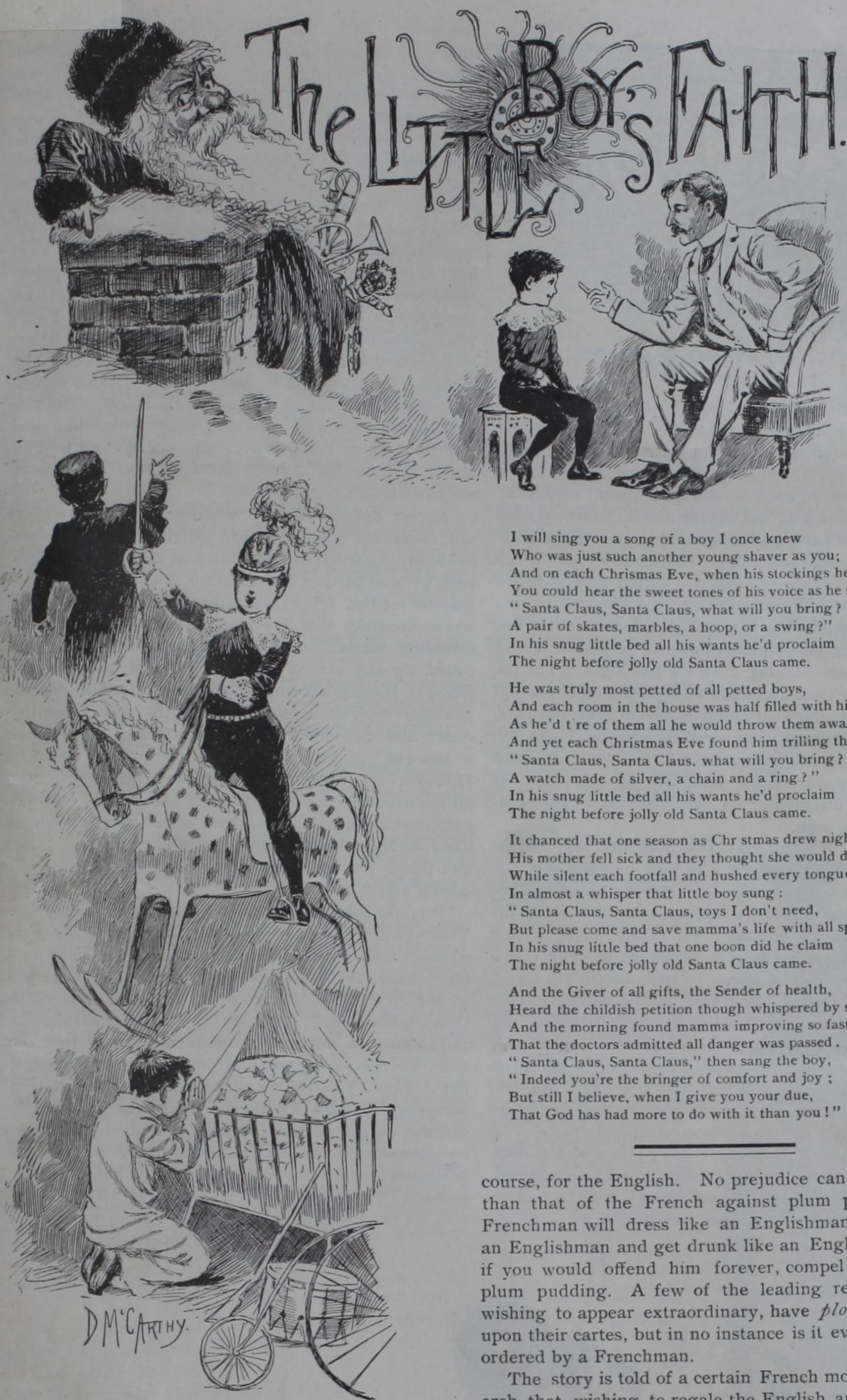
Bridget—Sure, mum, the perlace man ate it. And did yer niver love anybody yerself?



TOO MUCH GARNISHMENT FOR HIM.

MRS. STARVELLY—I can't see why you're not able to furnish your rooms as well as the Borrowits do. They've got a parlor-set covered with silk and plush.

MR. STARVELLY—Well, I'll bet it's covered with a chattel mortgage, also!



DIVIDING THE SORROW.

Subscriber—Say, what kind of a thing do you call
Is it a joke? Pretty rough sending out a thing
that sort and expecting a man to read it.

Editor—Yes, it's bad—very bad, I must admit.
But, my friend, your trial is as nothing compared
with mine. You only have to read it once; in point of
fact you need not do that; you can skip it. Now look
at me. I've got to think it out first and argue myself
into the belief that it's worth printing. Then I write
it; read it over; tear it up; re-write it; re-read it;
correct a lot of errors in it; discover that I've left out the
only good point in it; interline that; send it to the
printer; have it returned to me in proof; find that he
has omitted the funny part, too; interline that again;
read it again when the paper is out and discover that
the gleam of brightness is still missing. Shall I strike
your name from the list?

Subscriber (with a look of profound pity)—No, that
sort of suffering ought to be divided up into small
chunks. You can send the paper for a year to the
preacher at my wife's church and any other Christian
martyr you've a mind to name, and I'll pay for them.

PLUM PUDDING IN PARIS.

Christmas day all the English cooks in Paris are full
of business, forwarding plum pudding in cases to all
parts of the country, already cooked and fit for the
table after the necessary warming. All this is, of

I will sing you a song of a boy I once knew
Who was just such another young shaver as you;
And on each Christmas Eve, when his stockings he'd hang,
You could hear the sweet tones of his voice as he sang:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what will you bring?
A pair of skates, marbles, a hoop, or a swing?"
In his snug little bed all his wants he'd proclaim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

He was truly most petted of all petted boys,
And each room in the house was half filled with his toys;
As he'd tire of them all he would throw them away,
And yet each Christmas Eve found him trilling this lay:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what will you bring?
A watch made of silver, a chain and a ring?"
In his snug little bed all his wants he'd proclaim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

It chanced that one season as Christmas drew nigh,
His mother fell sick and they thought she would die;
While silent each footfall and hushed every tongue,
In almost a whisper that little boy sung:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, toys I don't need,
But please come and save mamma's life with all speed."
In his snug little bed that one boon did he claim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

And the Giver of all gifts, the Sender of health,
Heard the childish petition though whispered by stealth;
And the morning found mamma improving so fast
That the doctors admitted all danger was passed.
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus," then sang the boy,
"Indeed you're the bringer of comfort and joy;
But still I believe, when I give you your due,
That God has had more to do with it than you!"

J. S. G.

course, for the English. No prejudice can be stronger
than that of the French against plum pudding. A
Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like
an Englishman and get drunk like an Englishman, but
if you would offend him forever, compel him to eat
plum pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs,
wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb pudding*
upon their cartes, but in no instance is it ever
ordered by a Frenchman.

The story is told of a certain French mon-
arch that, wishing to regale the English am-
bassador on Christmas day with a plum pud-
ding, he procured an excellent recipe for
making one, which he gave to his cook with
strict injunctions that it should be prepared
with due attention to all the particulars. The
weight of the ingredients, the size of the cop-
per, the quantity of water, the duration of
time, everything was attended to, except one
trifle—the king forgot the cloth in which the
delicacy should be boiled, and the pudding
was served up like so much soup, in immense
tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador,
who was, however, too well bred to express
his astonishment.

A PRICELESS RELIC.

In Versailles, France, there is a coachman
who is an enthusiast about the great Napo-
leon. He takes every opportunity of express-
ing to his fare his great admiration, not to say
veneration, of the little Corsican. One day a
passing gentleman said to him:

"Why do you bother your head about Na-
poleon?"

"My dear sir, I have a priceless relic of
the great Napoleon which I worship daily."

"What is it?"

"It is this ten-sou piece, which is some of
the change which my grandfather got from a
twenty-franc piece which Napoleon gave him."

NEW YORK ALDERMEN.

When it comes to making themselves appear ridicu-
lous, not to say contemptuous, the New York Board of
Aldermen defy competition. Not long since they re-
duced to starvation those unfortunate persons who are
obliged to grind an organ for a living. The action of
the Board excited such a storm of ridicule and indigna-
tion that ostensibly they revoked the ordinance, but as
a matter of fact it is still in force.

The number of organ grinders who are obliged to
take out a license is limited to 300, but they are not
allowed under a severe penalty to "solicit or ask alms
directly or indirectly."

Under the circumstances the license to play on the
organ is about as gracious and condescending as
that of the fond mother who imparted full permission
to her daughter to bathe *ad libitum* that provided
under no circumstances she approached the aqueous
fluid.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

The old and pleasant custom of decking our houses
and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived
from ancient heathen practices. Where Druidism had
existed the houses were decked with evergreens in
December that the sylvan spirits might repair to them
and remain untripped with frost and cold winds until a
milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling
abodes. The cutting of the mistletoe was a ceremony
of great solemnity with our ancient ancestors. The
people went in procession. The bards walked first,
singing canticles and hymns; a herald preceded three
Druids with implements for the purpose. Then fol-
lowed the prince of the Druids accompanied by all the
people. He mounted the oak and cutting the mistletoe
with a golden sickle, presented it to the other Druids,
who received it with great respect, and on the first day
of the year distributed it among the people as a sacred
and holy plant, crying: "The mistletoe for the new
year!"

Because it was used in the pagan rites of the Druids,
the mistletoe has never been used in the decoration of
Christian churches, and it therefore had its place as-
signed it in kitchens and halls, where it was hung up in
great state with its white berries with the charm at-
tached to it that the maid who was not kissed under
it at Christmas would not be married in that year.

AN INSULTED WOMAN.

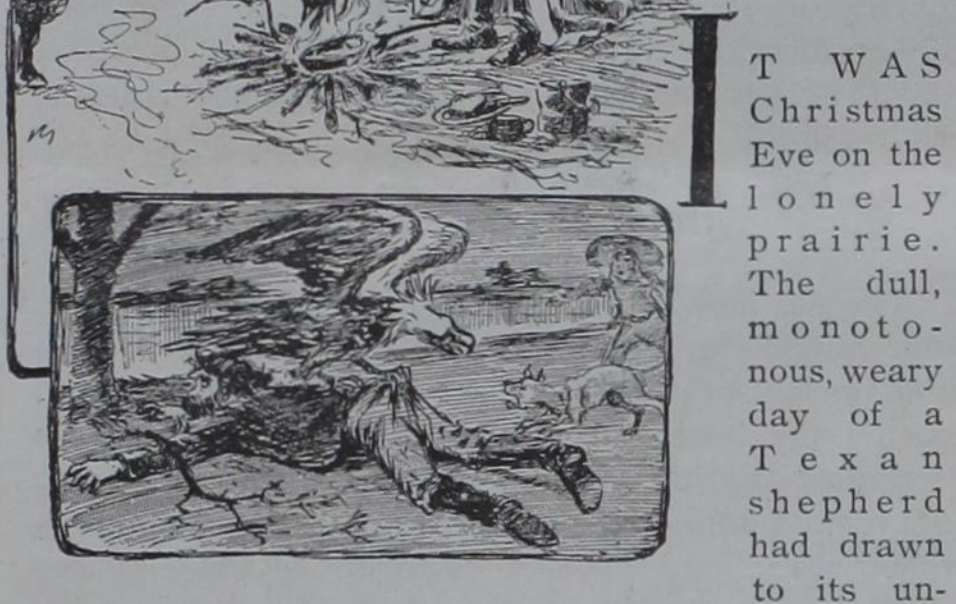
Life Insurance Agent—My dear madame, allow me
to suggest that you get your husband's life insured for
\$3,000. Suppose he were to die suddenly.

Indignant Woman—Get out of here. Do you think
I am capable of murdering even my own husband for
the paltry sum of \$3,000? What's the matter with a
\$10,000 accident policy on his life?



THE PLACE TO HOLD THE FAIR.

Joe King says he thinks the best place to hold the
fair is around the waist.



eventful close. A pale-faced moon, riding high above the pecan motte where the solitary had pitched his camp, looked compassionately down upon the details of his humble housekeeping. A small tent glimmered ghost-like among the trees. Within a corral, roughly made of dead sticks and dry brush, the woolly flock were securely penned. Their sleepy cries and querulous bleatings filled the neighboring solitudes. The flickering light of the camp-fire flashed upon their myriad eyes with a weird, spectral effect. They were like so many dancing will-o'-the-wisps surrounding the stooping figure of their herder, and gleamed and coruscated about him with a movement wild and uncanny. But their familiar presence had no terrors for him. Of far more significance was the odor of frying bacon and boiling coffee. The solitary was cooking his supper.

It was indeed a small individual who accepted these pastoral responsibilities. The figure at which the curious sheep were so intently staring was that of a boy of scarcely eleven years. Straight black hair fell in long tangles below his heavy sombrero, framing a freckled face that was deeply tanned from sun and exposure. The big brown eyes had an elfish look in the red light of the fire. This was heightened by the absurdity of his frontier costume. A long yellow "slicker," originally designed for a man of ambitious proportions, completely enveloped his diminutive body and trailed for some feet on the ground behind him. His small hands with difficulty asserted themselves beyond the long sleeves which had been rolled and turned back indefinitely. The high boots which protruded beneath this monotonous garment were evidently not mates, and so large that they were a serious inconvenience to their wearer. Had it not been for the cheerful boyish face that overlooked and obviously triumphed over these difficulties of dress the incongruous figure might have been taken for a demoralized scare-crow rather than a sober shepherd.

The sketchy repast that is dignified on the frontier by the name of supper was soon completed. A few strips of scorched bacon, a slice or two of dry bread, a plateful of watery beans, with a cup of clear coffee, and the hungry wanderer rose refreshed. But not until he had supplied another party with the remnants of his humble banquet. This party had awaited the conclusion of the meal with an intent gaze and a hair-trigger smile that was as pathetic as it was dog-like. He was known as the Doctor, and was the sole companion of his master's wanderings. Doctor was not a shepherd dog. Being a vigorous bull-terrier of the brindled variety he could not claim for his diminutive but muscular anatomy the slightest predilection for his calling. He had taken it up as a matter of necessity, not of choice. But he was intelligent, observant, and persevering. If he did not understand sheep, it was not because he had not tried faithfully. He had given close attention to the idiosyncrasies of that inoffensive but exasperating animal. If in common with mankind he had been often unable to lead them in the paths they should follow, it was not from failure to use all the powers of persuasion which his jimmer-jaws and shrill bark could bring to bear upon a perplexing subject. And that he brought to each emergency an energy and courage that quite put Yaller-bird to the

blush was perhaps not the least of the many qualities which endeared him to his master.

His meagre supper over, the owner of this singular title repaired to his tent accompanied by his gamboling dog. Here he lighted a storm lantern, suspended from the ridge pole of his canvas abode, which at once illuminated its narrow confines and gave it from without the appearance of a large transparency, on which the movements of the boy and dog within were sketched with magnified and grotesque effect. Then he gravely divested himself of the long yellow garment which had inspired his curious christening, and inspected it with solicitude before hanging it up for the night. The tail of the "slicker" had accumulated a phenomenal amount of real estate in the weary pilgrimages of previous days. But with this matter the youthful shepherd was not concerned. A new development in the shape of a rent extending from the waist half way up one shoulder arrested his attention. At this discovery Yaller-bird heaved a deep sigh.

"I reckon it won't last, Doc., for the rest of the winter, and it's all I've got," he said, exhibiting it ruefully to the attentive canine. Doctor said nothing, but at once devoted himself to the task of drawing off his master's boots, an operation for which, being a bull pup, he had a special regard, inasmuch as it exercised his peculiar tenacity of jaw. To this task he was accustomed, each evening, to devote his energies. These boots, being large, as I have already indicated, the dog readily accomplished this, although he wrecked himself against the tent-pole in a final effort, whereupon Yaller-bird tied them together with a bit of string and gravely suspended them alongside the lantern where they swung heavily like some erratic pendulum.

"I reckon, Doc., you don't savey just why I'm doin' thet," remarked Yaller-bird, stepping back and surveying his work with hands shoved deeply into the pockets of ducking trousers that were supported by a single



"Did you bring me anythin' to put inter 'em fur Krissmuss?" said Yaller-bird.

suspender, "but ter-night is Krissmus Eve, and I'm a-layin' fur a feller named *Sandy Claws*, who gen'rally comes along and shoves candies and presents inter people's stockings. Bein' ez I ain't got none"—the speaker here inspected his bare and thorn-scratched feet—"I reckoned I'd hang up my boots fur they're roomy and accommodatin'. P'raps, ef *Sandy* comes along our way he might jest natchally heave somethin' inter 'em."

Doctor, preserving a respectful silence at this communication, but with attent ears and head on one side, apparently being deeply interested, Yaller-bird

continued: "It'd take me too long to tell you jest now how the custom came about, Doc, and I reckon, arter all, you wouldn't quite understand it, but it was all along of a Great King who was born among some sheep, just like this, in a furren kentry, and three wise fellers kem plumb across the purrara on camels, a-bringin' toys and presents to give to him. A feller from San Antone give me the tip and he read all about it in a book called *Ben Thar*, which was wrote by a soger chap, and I reckon he knew all about it from the name he give his book. Anyhow, that's where I got hold of it. And ever sence, presents has been pretty thick in certain places about this time o' year, and this yer *Sandy Claws* is said to be the cause of it. I ain't never seen him, and I reckon he comes when fellers like you and me is asleep, but I reckon I'd know him ef I ever sot eyes on him; and I want you to be oncommon keeful ter-night, and not bark nor do nuthin' to surprise him, ef you should happen to see him kem inter this tent. Fur ef yer should, we don't git nuthin'; and I know a dog ez won't git any breakfast ter-morrer mornin'. *Savey thet?*"

Doctor did not signify whether he "saveyed" or not, except to wag a stumpy tail violently, which was evidently regarded by his master as significant. However, without further conversation, Yaller-bird began to prepare for bed. This consisted in shaking up an old straw mattress that lay in a corner of the tent, and divesting himself of his ducking trousers which were rolled up and placed beneath his head to serve as a pillow. Having accomplished these preliminaries, the boy drew near the lantern with the intention of putting it out, and the intelligent Doctor began that circular movement with which dogs usually prepare to lie down. However, they were not destined to retire so early, for, all at once, the ears of both were assailed by an unaccustomed noise without, and the apparition of a human hand, endeavoring to open the tent-flap which had been tied down for the night, met the astonished eyes of master and dog.

It is probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Yaller-bird would have hastened at once to assist the stranger who so abruptly attempted to intrude upon his privacy, but there was something in the appearance of the hand now clutching the tent-string, which, in view of his recent reflections, made him hesitate. It was a large hand, and covered from wrist to finger with an unusual growth of long and tawny-colored hair. Now, Yallerbird's conception of the mysterious personage he expected that evening was by no means definite, and it flashed over him in an instant that this peculiar member must appertain to that *Sandy Claws*, in regard to whom he entertained such a keen curiosity. Himself, the possessor of a suggestive nick-name, he was, for the moment, quite thrilled with the appropriate-

ness of the other's title. So he quieted the alert Doctor, who had improvised a very respectable growl at the intrusion, and covering himself up to his chin with the bed clothes, remained very still until the personage without had effected an entrance. When this was accomplished, he was rewarded by the sight of a short, stout figure clad in brown ducking garments, and possessed of a fiery red beard which entirely hid the lower portion of his face from a point a little below the eyes. The figure at once removed a short pipe from his mouth, and after staring in a surprised way at the re-

cumbent Yaller-bird, sat down upon a vinegar keg, and expelled a cloud of smoke into the tent.

"Merry Christmas!" he ejaculated in a gruff voice.

Beyond a doubt, Yaller-bird reflected, this was the *Sandy Claws* of his dreams. It did not strike him as especially strange that the remarkable personage should look and smoke like other folks. He at once sat up and addressed his visitor.

"Merry Krissmuss!" he replied. "I didn't expect you so early."

The man laughed and said he had a long way to come. Yaller-bird thought this extremely probable.

"You've camped out fur the night, I see," the man remarked, nodding in the direction of the bed.

"I went to bed earlier than usual, allowin' to be in bed when you got here," Yaller-bird responded.

The man stared at this, but smoked quietly and said nothing. After a pause, so long protracted that it became painful, during which the youthful shepherd scrutinized his visitor narrowly in the hope of detecting some hidden present, he thought he would offer a vague hint to his silent guest.

"Thar's my boots!" he remarked significantly, pointing to the suspended articles.

"I reckon they're big enough," said the stranger, surveying them with evident interest.

"Did you bring me anythin' to put inter 'em fur Krissmuss?" the little fellow inquired, his big brown eyes dancing eagerly in his excitement.

"Wal, no," the man replied, "unless you'll have this plug of terbacker." As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a long slab of that article known as "natural leaf." Then perceiving by the look in Yaller-bird's face that the disappointment he had inflicted was keen, he laughed somewhat embarrassedly and said:

"I allow I might hev thought of it, bein' ez I've jest kem from town and left the boys all drinkin' egg-nog on account of the season; but ye see I wasn't noways certain I'd fall in with you and I had a long ways to go."

There was a brief silence during which the stranger evidently considered the situation.

"Arter all," he said, finally, his features lighting up with a humorous gleam, "it ain't fashionable no longer to be a-givin' presents. The hull thing is busted and gone out of date."

Somewhat consoled by this piece of information, Yaller-bird inquired what the people nowadays generally did.

"The keerect thing jest now," said his visitor with the air of an oracle, "is an A 1 Christmas turkey, and I know where one is a-roostin' jest at present and don't you forgit it."

At this intelligence Yaller-bird unrolled and assumed his ducking trousers, whipped out his jack-knife and cut down his monstrous boots, and in a few minutes stood before his visitor fully equipped and caparisoned.

"Ef you're of a mind to go out with me on a hunt fur him," said he of the red beard, "I reckon I'm with you. I left my gun jest outside. I'd hev brought this turkey along, but I wasn't sure I'd fall in with you, and I didn't care to tote twenty-five pounds of meat just for the fun of the thing. He's a big feller, and I allow it ain't quite reg'lar to let him get off so easy."

Yaller-bird, whose awe of the mysterious *Sandy Claws* had entirely vanished upon learning that he had forgotten the customary presents, immediately signified his readiness. Accordingly the strangely assorted couple and the alert Doctor set out at once.

It was a clear night, and the rays of the moon made surrounding objects dimly visible. After a short tramp through the brush, Yaller-bird's guide halted beneath a big tree, and leaning his back against it, addressed him in a whisper:

"The turkey we're arter is jest over yonder a-roostin' in a dead pecan. Yer smaller and spryer than I be, and might take a peek and tell me ef he's thar yet; but go slow and easy."

Yaller-bird stole forward at once, and peering through the branches, he beheld a great bird perched in the top of a neighboring tree. It was plainly visible in the moonlight—its head beneath its wing. He retreated quietly.

"It's all right, *Sandy*; he's thar!" he said breathlessly.

The man eyed him indignantly, and bringing his gun to a rest leaned on it and hissed these words in his ear:

"Ef you're goin' shootin' with me I'll hev you to understand that ye can't be too peart with me on short notice, young feller!"

Yaller-bird was quite abashed and non-plussed at this address, but imagined that the stranger must be very sensitive about the color of his beard. He apologized humbly.

Appeased at this, his companion motioned to him and they crept onward with bated breath. At length, within easy shooting distance, the man halted.

"Now," he whispered hoarsely, "ye'll see me jest everlastinly lamb-baste thet gobbler!"

For Nervous Prostration.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. GRAEVES, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion, it has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

He cocked the gun. The sharp click made the bird start, and it was seen to lift its head from its wing. The next instant a stream of fire poured from the long barrel, lighting up the stranger's features with a wild, unearthly light, and amid the smoke and thunder of the discharge, Yaller-bird distinctly heard something fall among the brush with a heavy thud.

"I told ye so; I jest naturally warmed his jacket!" shouted the man exultingly. "Now stay thar and I'll snake him out." He dashed off into the chaparral.

Fearful of again offending his singular acquaintance, poor Yaller-bird remained glued to the spot, clutching the muscular Doctor who had behaved beautifully up to the present time, but was now making frantic efforts to be in at the death. Yaller-bird stood his ground faithfully, although he had grave misgivings that everything was not right in the brush. He heard first a blow, than a cry of surprise, followed by a fluttering, and then more blows in quick succession, mingled with unearthly screams and, it must be confessed, some very shocking language. During a combat which, from the noise and confusion that reached him, must have been more like a cyclone than anything else, Yaller-bird came to the conclusion, that the mysterious personage, *Sandy Claws*, was a gentleman of very bad morals.

The struggle in the chaparral suddenly ceased and all was quiet for a few moments. Then a faint voice, pregnant with agony, came to Yaller-bird's ear.

"Come out here for God's sake! Are you dead or drunk out thar? This bald-headed rooster hez got me! he's got me, and he's jest natchally killin' me; thet's what he's doin'!"

Yaller-bird waited to hear no more. He let Doctor slip and plunged into the brush.

Arrived at the scene of hostilities, his eyes met a singular sight. The grass and bushes in the vicinity of the struggle were trodden flat, and prostrate in the centre of this area, where he had fallen, lay his red-bearded friend, with a bald eagle clutching the seat of his ducking trousers and with outspread wings asserting the supremacy of our great and glorious republic.

The fierce and powerful creature evidently had his enemy at a very painful disadvantage from the groans he was uttering. Yaller-bird quickly caught up a dead stick, and dealt the pre-occupied bird a blow upon the head that made him relax his talons. But, quick as he was, he anticipated the valiant

Doctor by a second only. Then ensued one of the most remarkable battles that was ever put upon record. For in his crippled condition the eagle was hardly a match for the bulldog. Jaws snapped, talons struck, and feathers flew, and, when it was over, the brave bird was minus its tail and the trim and natty Doctor was spotted with his own blood and that of his adversary.

During the combat the discomfited man rose from the ground, and like Yaller-bird remained an absorbed spectator. When at length the bird of freedom succumbed to the teeth of the Doctor and, turning upon its back, yielded up the ghost with a last gasp, he delivered himself as follows:

"Lie thar," he said, "ye dad-gasted idgit! I reckon yer goose is cooked. Ef I hadn't stumbled and made a mistake and picked ye up fur a gobbler ye wouldn't a-got me in sich a fix."

"Ez it is," he said ruefully, turning to his youthful companion, "it'll take right smart of darnin' to mend them pants, and I reckon there ain't mutton taller and linnymment enough at the camp to ever set me to rights."

Yaller-bird, touched by his mishap, attempted consolation.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, *Mr. Claws*," he said, "thet thet thar eagle got into you so bad, but I've got some magic oil in my tent thet'll take the pizen out."

He was surprised by the instant change in the manner of his companion.

"Look a-here, Skeesicks, I reckon I told you to drop them nicknames o' yourn," he said savagely.

"Why, isn't your name *Sandy Claws*?" inquired Yaller-bird, in surprise.

His red-bearded friend burst abruptly into a loud laugh.

"Santa Claus?" he said. "Wal, now, thet's good! *Santa Claus*! Not muchly, Bub. My name's Rube Skinner, and barrin' sich bald-headed varmints ez thet feller thar, ther a'n't no better turkey shot atween Texas and Kintuck!"

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Brown—I saw you eyeing that divorced wife of mine with evident admiration last evening. I wondered what you could see in her.

Buff—Well, now, that's queer. I was wondering what she could have seen in you.



WHY SMALL GAME WAS PREFERRED.

FRIEND—Well, Mose I see your fondness for chickens has got you into trouble again. Why can't you eat something else?

THE CULPRIT—'Deed, Mar's Brown, I would, cheerfully; but how's a poo' nigger to carry a whole sheep off under his jacket? Does der law require impossibilities?

JUSTIFIABLE ENVY.

Managing Editor—You say here that you have cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that have attained a height of over fifty feet?

Horticultural Editor—Yes, why?

Managing Editor (musingly)—Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

All hearts are joyous;
What can annoy us
When plenty smiles and the bumpers flow?
And, mild shouts of laughter,
The boys run after
And kiss the girls 'neath the mistletoe?
—Boston Courier.

OLD AND NEW CREED.

Whenever the Christmas season
Lends lustre and peace to the year,
And the ling-long-ling of the bells that ring
Tell only of joy and cheer;
I hear in the sweet, wild music
These words and I hold them true,
"The Christ who was born on Christmas morn
Did only what you can do."

Each soul that has breath and being
Is touched with heaven's own fire,
Each living man is part of the plan
To lift the world up higher.
No matter how narrow your limits,
Go forth and make them broad!
You are every one the daughter or son—
Crown Prince or Princess of God.
—Edith Carew.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

Coral beads on burnished holly,
Pearls on tender mistletoe!
Wisdom bends to frolic's folly
At the yule-log's cheery glow,
While the twinkling feet of dancers to glad
measure come and go!

Wreath the pictures, crown the wassail,
Keep the hours sweet with song;
Now let none be serf or vassal,
But the festal sights prolong,
And in guileless glee and pastime let the happy
children throng!

Hark the peals of jocund laughter
When, on pantomimic boards,
Harlequins, clowns tumbling after,
Cross and clash their mimic swords,
While fair Columbine in spangles Beauty's pro-
totype affords!

Let the melodies entrancing—
Bugles, cymbals, silver chimes—
As the fairy chorus dancing
Sings of sylvan ways and times,
And Prince Charming does his wooing in the
daintiest of rhymes!

Through the keen and starlit weather,
Hear the hoofs and sleigh-bells ring!
Warm furs catch the snow flakes feather;
Echoes answer peals that swing
Till the hearts of youth and maiden take the
cadence up and sing!

Father Christmas, hale and hoary;
Young and old we greet thy face;
By our hearthstones hail thy glory
And thy bygone legends trace,
And with all time-honored reverence toast thy
ever bounteous grace.
—John Moran.

Comfort for the Patient.

"Are you feeling better this morning,
Uncle Henry?" "Yes, Angie, dear."
"You'll soon be well now, won't you,
Uncle Henry?" "I don't know, dear;
I may never get up again; Uncle Henry
is a very sick man." "Oh, yes, I know;
but you'll soon get well. I heard the
doctor tell pa this morning that all the
doctors in America couldn't kill as mean
a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies
and is well enough the next time the doc-
tor calls to get his head under the sofa
and maul him till the police break into
the room. The diagnosis was correct.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little
Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had
that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this
morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

The Drawback.

Customer—"There's one drawback to
a business like yours."

Barber—"What is that?"

"It is impossible for men of your call-
ing to get rid of unpleasant acquaint-
ances."

"I would like to know why?"

"You can't afford to cut anybody."—
Boston Courier.

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of An-
gostura Bitters, the South American tonic.

Her Test.

Wife (at the door)—"Who's there?"
Voice—"I am—John—your husband."
Wife—"I don't believe you. It doesn't
sound like John's voice. Blow your
breath through the key hole."—The
Epoch.

He Wanted to Make Sure.

Sheriff—"Have you anything to say?"
Murderer—"You're going to hang me,
ain't you?"
Sheriff—"Yes."
Murderer—"Would you mind asking
the executioner to have an axe or a club
handy in case of accidents?"—Philadel-
phia Inquirer.

WEBSTER'S CELEBRATED
ENGLISH GRAIN CREEDMOOR

Every kind of foot-wear for men, ladies, and child-
ren, in stock or made
to order. Careful at-
tention given meas-
ure work, a perfect fit
being obtained by my
system of measuring.
Send 2-cent
stamp for il-
lustrated
catalogue of
shoes and
rules for
self-meas-
urement.



Double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best Eng-
lish Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly
water-proof, made on an extremely easy last,
and very durable. Excellent for Fall and
Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of
weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe
should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact
that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised
in *The Century*, and each season increases the sale, is
sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

CORTEZ, COLO., March 13, 1889.

F. P. WEBSTER, Esq., 277 Washington St.—
Dear Sir: Some two years ago I bought a pair of
Creedmoor shoes, which have given me every satisfac-
tion in the hardest usage. Will you kindly send me
your price on one pair of them and with postage pre-
paid.

W. H. WELLS,
Chief-Engineer Montezuma Water-Supply Company.

F. P. WEBSTER,
277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

THE
NEW YORK LEDGER

"THE WHOLESOME EDUCATOR OF MILLIONS."

FREE
TO NEW
SUBSCRIBERS

If you are not convenient to a news stand,
send two dollars to the address below and
the Ledger will be sent to you FREE till
the first of January, 1890, and then
continued for a whole year from
that date.

THE LEADING
WRITERS.

CELEBRATED
ARTISTS.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

\$2

A YEAR
SIXTEEN PAGES
EVERY WEEK

Herbert Ward, Stanley's Companion.

Herbert Ward, the companion of Stanley in his explorations in Africa, is the only white man connected with Stanley's African explorations who has ever returned alive from the "Dark Continent." Mr. Ward's articles running through eight numbers of the "Ledger" are of the most intensely interesting description, and cover five years of his adventures in Africa, and they will be illustrated by sketches made by Mr. Ward, and by the reproduction of photographs taken by him in Africa. These pictures will throw much light upon the manners and customs of the hitherto unknown cannibal tribes of Africa.

The Story of a Forsaken Inn, (A SERIAL STORY) By Anna Katharine Green.
Life in British America, By Rev. E. R. Young.

Being the adventures and experiences of Rev. E. R. Young, the celebrated missionary, and his wife during their residence in the Polar region twelve hundred miles north of St. Paul, in which Dr. Young narrates how he tamed and taught the native wild Indians of the Northwest; how he equipped himself for and how he made his perilous sledging and hazardous canoe trips when visiting all the Indian settlements within five hundred miles of his home.

Honorable Henry W. Grady

Contributes a series of six articles on the "Wonderful Development of the Industrial Pursuits of the New South."

American Cookery, (A SERIES OF ARTICLES) By Miss Parloa.

Giving the reasons why it is imperfect, and some ways by which it may be improved.

Nihilism in Russia, By Leo Hartmann, Nihilist.

Leo Hartmann, a fugitive from Russian authorities, has been connected with the most daring feats of the Russian Nihilists. Mr. Hartmann shows how the intelligent people of Russia are becoming Nihilists in consequence of the despotism of the form of government. A participant in plots to kill the Czar, such as the blowing up of the Winter Palace, he is able to give true information as to how this and other great schemes were accomplished. The situation in Russia is sufficient to increase the love of every true American for our form of government.

EXTRA SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENTS.

Among these beautifully illustrated four-page souvenirs, which will be sent free to every subscriber, will be a poem by

John Greenleaf Whittier, Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

Written for the "Ledger" by Mr. Whittier in his 82nd year. Another souvenir will be a beautifully illustrated poem written by

Honorable James Russell Lowell.

The Ledger will contain the best Serial and Short Stories, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Travels, Wit and Humor, and everything interesting to the Household.

Other Contributors for 1890 are:

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Mrs. Margaret Deland.
Mrs. Florence Howe Hall.
Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.
Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.
Mrs. Emma Alice Brown.
Mary Kyle Dallas.
Marion Harland.
Clara Whitridge.
Judge Albion W. Tourgee.
Marquise Lanza.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Anna Shields.
Josephine Pollard.
Amy Randolph.
Frank H. Converse.
C. F. Holder.
Dr. Felix L. Oswald.
Rev. Emory J. Haynes.
Julian Hawthorne.
Prof. W. C. Kitchin.
Robert Grant.

M. W. Hazeltine.
Thomas Dunn English.
George F. Parsons.
Col. Thomas W. Knox.
Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton.
Rev. Dr. James McCosh.
Prof. S. M. Stevens.
Prof. J. H. Comstock.
James Parton.
Rev. Dr. H. M. Field.
Harold Frederic.

Subscription money can be sent at our risk by Post Office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order.
Send Six Cents for Sample Copy and Illustrated Calendar Announcement.

Address: **ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, 193 William Street, New York City.**



George W. Cable's new book will have for its title Strange, True Stories of Louisiana.

Gossip is again busy with a rumor that Mr. Aldrich will retire from the editorship of the Atlantic.

The Christmas number (December) of Godey's Lady's Book is a charming issue, full of stories appropriate for the holidays and a variety of choice reading.

Mr. George W. Childs' reminiscences will be published in book form by J. B. Lippincott Company. Only a portion of them has been given in Lippincott's Magazine.

The birthday souvenir of the Jewelers' Weekly is out and generally pronounced "a dandy." One feature is a description, by numerous well known people, of the watches they carry. The illustrations in the number are admirable.

The United States Central Publishing Company, located at Chicago, are getting up an interesting and valuable work entitled Important Events of the Century, to contain over one hundred illustrations and circulate all over the United States. Sold only by subscription. Geo. W. Benson is superintending the work.

Dr. John Brown's simple yet charming story, Rab and His Friends, that is almost an English classic, has been brought out as a holiday book by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The little volume is beautifully printed and bound and contains ten handsome illustrations drawn by Hermann Simon and Edmund H. Garrett. Price \$1.50.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine for December has an illustrated Christmas article to begin with, entitled Child Faces Christmas Mornings, by Carl Christopher. Ernest Ingersoll describes Kansas City (illustrated), and Frank G. Carpenter does the same for the Capital of the Dragon's Empire. Among the other articles are an appeal in behalf of New York as a place for Holding the World's Fair, by Wm. Waldorf Astor; Jo's Search for Santa Claus, by Irving Bacheller; The Flower Market of New York, etc., etc.

Worthington Co., of N. Y., announce for immediate publication Magdalen's Fortunes, by W. Heimbürg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, with photogravure illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo, half bound, \$1.25; or in fancy paper covers, 75 cents. A capital novel, written in the style that has given the author such a well-deserved reputation. It contains beautiful descriptions, is full of incident, and is a clean, bright story. Especially the character of the Little Lady of the Abbey is admirably delineated. It is a very pleasing book from cover to cover.

The December Century opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. These letters present the Iron Duke in a very attractive light—amiable and unpretending; the careful guardian of the children of his friend in their childish illnesses. Besides pictures of the Duke's residences, etc., there are three portraits of Wellington; the imposing full-length picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence being used as frontispiece. The personal interest is very strongly continued in Joseph

Jefferson's autobiography, which this month covers wide ground and goes into the most amusing details concerning barn-storming in Mississippi, an interesting character called Pudding Stanley, Jefferson's Mexico experiences (just after the Mexican War), his reminiscences of the Wallacks, John E. Owens, Burton, etc.

The author of Agnes Surriage, Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner, opens the December number of the Atlantic Monthly with an article of interest to the antiquarian, and especially to the student of Old Boston. This paper is devoted to The Old Bunch of Grapes Tavern, one of the most famous New England hostleries of the last century, and Mr. Bynner gives an amusing account of the various events which took place within his hospitable walls. Mr. Henry VanBrunt's paper on Architecture in the West tells about the difficulties which Western architects have to struggle against, and the new school of architecture which is gradually arising to solve the problem of making art keep step with progress without losing the finer and more delicate artistic sense. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, contributes a paper on School Vacations, and Mr. William Cranston Lawton writes about Delphi: The Locality and its Legends.

A particularly interesting number is the North American Review for December and a bright array of minds contribute to it. W. E. Gladstone gives his view of the divorce question. He believes that the marriage tie should never be dissolved except for the most urgent reason. Divorce with remarriage utterly destroys the integrity of the family. Views upon this important question are also given by Associate-Justice Bradley and Senator Dolph. George Westinghouse, Jr., replies to Edison's paper in the November number on the dangers of electric lighting. Carl Blind speaks A Good Word for the Jews, though the Jews are very well able to speak for themselves now. Andrew Carnegie writes about the Best Fields for Philanthropy, advising rich men to found schools, colleges, museums, public libraries, etc. Walter Damrosch writes of German Opera, and Marion Harland dilates upon the Incapacity of Business Women. Why I am an Agnostic by Robert G. Ingersoll, cannot fail to attract attention.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price 25¢; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

FAT FOLKS

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila. Pa.

\$10 to \$1,000

Properly placed in Wall Street is the foundation of a fortune. Address, JACKSON, SPRAGUE & CO., 30 NEW ST., N. Y.

FOR SIX CENTS.

We are pleased to announce that we have made remarkably low clubbing rates with the ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, the recognized leading low-priced American magazine. The magazine is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is a high-grade literary, historical and humorous monthly of fifty pages. Terms, only \$1.50 a year; specimen copy six cents, sent to any one. Address St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. We will send the St. Louis Magazine and TEXAS SIFTINGS one year to new subscribers for \$4.50, the price of both being \$5.50.

Address TEXAS SIFTINGS PUB. CO., New York.

EVERY OWNER OF HARNESS SHOULD USE



Sold by Nearly All Saddlery and Harness Dealers.



THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S"

New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

For terms and dates apply to

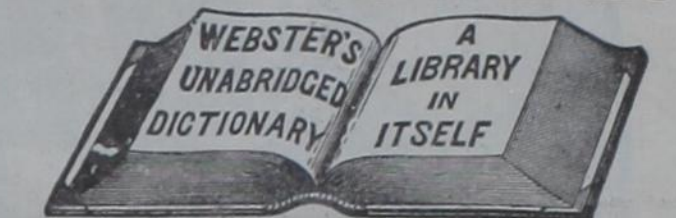
Major J. B. POND,

Everett House, New York City.

Children Cry for Itcher's Castoria.



WEBSTER



BEST HOLIDAY GIFT

For Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, or Friend. 3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

STANDARD AUTHORITY

in the Government Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. Recommended by the State Superintendents of Schools in 38 States, and by leading College Presidents of the U. S. and Canada.

An invaluable companion in every School and at every Fireside. Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet with Specimen Pages, etc., sent free. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

THREE DOZEN GOOD STORIES

Selected from Texas Siftings.

Svo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations

BY

THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN

ARTISTS.

This book is the sensation of the hour. The demand for it has never been equalled in the history of American literature. It is a book of 194 pages, containing more than 100 of the original sketches written by Alex. E. Sweet and J. Arnoy Knox, and which have made Texas Siftings a household word with all who love fun and good humor, and is illustrated with over one hundred original and very unique illustrations.

Sold by all newsdealers and booksellers, or mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents by

J. S. OGILVIE & Co., Publishers,

57 Rose Street, New York

L.A.B. INDIAN ASTHMA CURE. Send two cent stamp for trial package and circular. Eastern Drug & Chemical Co. 71 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

THE CHANCE FOR ALL

To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect

Tea. A TRIAL ORDER OF

3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either

Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gun-

powder, Young Hyson, Mixed,

English Breakfast or Sun Sun

Chop, sent by mail on receipt of

\$2.00. Be particular and state

what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement

ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas,

Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars ad-

dress THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

CATARRH

HAY FEVER

CATARRHAL

DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.



GUARDING THE ROOST.

FARMER OATCAKE (sternly)—What do you mean by hanging 'round my turkey-roost at this time o' night, Mose?

MOSE—Bress my soul! Am dat yo', Mr. Oatcake? I was guardin' de place, sah; I was guardin' it! There's a good many thievin' niggahs around about Chris'mas time.

A Christmas Talk.

If I were to ask you to shut your eyes and try to fancy that Christmas stood before you, what would you see? Ah! not one, but many. Some of you would see, in your mind's eye, an old man with long, white, frosty beard and kindly face, his brave form draped in a sparkling robe of snow decked with icicles—old Father Christmas from top to toe. Some would see another sort of figure—a round, roly-poly, jolly personage, dressed in furs from crown to sole, laughing in every feature of his plump, ruddy face, all aglow after driving his Dunder and Blixen, and half hidden by his great sleigh-load of toys. Some of you, again, would see nothing but the toys, and your only thought I shudder to say, would be, "Which of them are for me?" Some of you would see no fancied personage at all; but glorious winter without, and within doors a bright home, a glowing hearth, and all the family eager to welcome you from school for the happy holiday week. And a great many of you would scarcely close your eyes before the beautiful Christ-child would come and fill your soul with love and joy and gratitude; and your one next thought would be to give happiness to many, to make other hearts as glad as your own on the Perfect Day.—Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in St. Nicholas.

A Puzzle.

Why grown men and women with matured reflective powers should neglect their small ailments is really a puzzle. Hosts of otherwise sensible people thus bewilder conjecture. It is one of the things which, as the late lamented Lord Dundreary exclaimed, "no fellow can find out." Diseases grow faster than weeds, and, moreover, beget one another. Incipient indigestion, a touch of biliousness, slight irregularity in the habit of body—what complex and serious bodily disturbance, not local, but general, do these not beget, if disregarded? Baffle and drive off the foe at the first onset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign among preventives. A constitution invigorated, a circulation enriched, a brain and stomach tranquilized by this national medicine, becomes well nigh invulnerable. The Bitters counteract malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill—"Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?"

Celeste—"I happened to say, madame, that I lived with a little boy who had a hundred and four presents one Xmas."

Mrs. Murrayhill—"Well?"

Celeste—"Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since, because he has only ninety-eight."

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)—"There, Harold, dear—you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.—Life.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Wrong Desk.

Newspaper Bore—"Anything new?" Paragrapher (with dignity)—"This, sir, is the humorous department."—N. Y. Weekly.

Frank Miller & Sons.

This firm holds a position as one of the most important in the line of harness oils, harness blacking, liquid shoe dressing and other kindred productions. It is one of the oldest firms in New York city, and has established an enviable reputation. To accommodate their steadily increasing trade the factory in West 26th street has lately been enlarged and the offices fitted up in handsome style. To give an idea of the amount of business done by this firm, their last shipment by canal to go West before navigation closed, was three large boat-loads. Frank Miller's shoe dressing is the favorite of the ladies of England and Australia, as well as of America.

Christmas of 1776.

Christmas eve in the year 1776 was starless and stormy in America. It was during the darkest days of our revolution. The American army was dispirited, and was weakening by constant desertions.

Washington knew not what to do, and some of the best friends of liberty advised retreat.

"Where shall we retreat?" asked the commander-in-chief.

"To the mountains," they answered.

"I will make one more struggle," said Washington, "and if unsuccessful, I will then flee to the mountains to make a last stand against the enemies of my country."

At Trenton, on the Delaware, was an army of 1,500 Hessians, under Colonel Rahl, who, all that Christmas, were holding high revelry. They feared no enemy, for the Delaware was full of ice, and the American army was upon the other side.

Through all the long night hours, the lamps flared upon the feasting and rioting soldiery. While the revel was at its height, they were startled by the cry of "The foe! the foe!"

Washington had crossed the Delaware—a feat no one believed practical—and had marched hastily upon the Hessian camp. Defense was futile. Colonel Rahl was shot down while attempting to rally his men, and nearly one thousand Hessians threw down their arms.

So that Christmas passed into history to be remembered forever by all patriotic hearts.—Com. Advertiser.

NEW YORK, NOV. 11th, 1887.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, ESQ.,

I would like to know the price of One Dozen bottles of your Oriental Cream, as I use it and like it. Would like to get a supply to take on my tour, soon as possible. Answer and oblige,

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER,
Brevoort House, New York.

STRANGE as it may seem, when the night comes when no man can work it's all day with him.—Binghamton Leader.



BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free with each machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 808 to 811 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

FINE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A VISION OF THE MISTLETOE, by M. Sears Brooks. A beautiful booklet of 14 engraved plates. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

"A perfect gem, beautifully illustrated. Each page is a study."—Indianapolis Woman's News.

"The story shows the development of the idea of immortality, from the faint type found in the Norse Legend of Baldur, to its realization in the fine light of Christian revelation. The theme is handled with grace and skill throughout, and affords excellent subjects for the illustrations, which form an important part of the elegant little book."—Madison Courier.

COCKLE SHELLS AND SILVER BELLS, a volume of poems by Mrs. M. F. Butts. PRICE, 60 CENTS.

"Let our babies learn to repeat such pretty verses as these, rather than the witless rhymes so common in the nursery, and our word for it, there will be better moral growth as one result."—Phenological Journal.

"Invaluable to mothers, who have to search for 'pieces' to be learned for school recitations. Make of it a Christmas present to your little one."—Sabbath Recorder.

"A charming collection of verses."—Boston Courier.

"Lively reading and, better still, they are wholesome."—Sunday School Times.

THE PRINCESS, THE PIG AND ETSETTERY, a Juvenile story by Mrs. M. F. Butts, with handsome illustrations. A book that will make children happy. PRICE, 40 CENTS. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CHAS. A. WENBORNE, Publisher,
258 Pearl Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Only a Specimen!

IT IS ONLY NATURAL that you should wish to examine beforehand the goods you think of buying. Perhaps you are thinking of presents for the young folks—Christmas or birthday.

Nothing is so good, so satisfactory, so LASTING, as a subscription to one of the LOTHROP MAGAZINES. They are THE BEST for the various ages from six months to sixteen years.

Wide Awake. \$2.40 a year.
The Pansy. \$1.00 a year.
Babyland. 50c. a year.
Our Little Men and Women. \$1.00 a year.

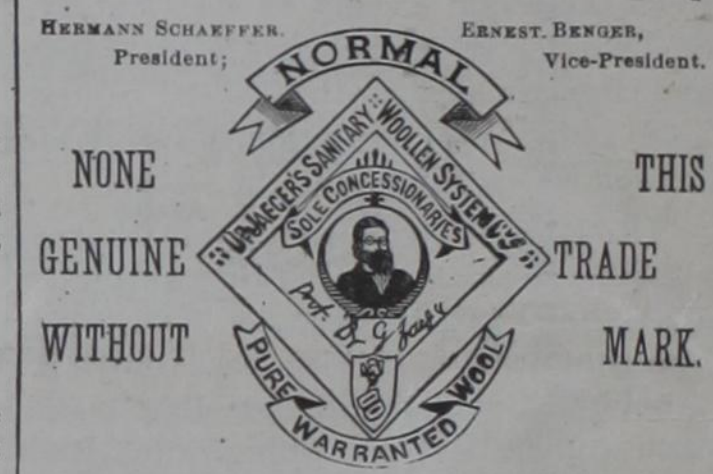
WE SEND SPECIMEN of any one for 5 cents; of the four, 15 cents; (regular price, 45 cents.) Please look over carefully; then we will hope for your order.

YOU MAY DEDUCT the 15 cents sent for samples from the full subscription price when you send us a subscription.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

Descriptive list of Select Books free. Mention if you desire it.

SANATORY GOODS!



Note our Trade Mark closely!
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

CAUTION

Against Misrepresentations and Specious Imitations.

The extraordinary beauty and excellence of the Dr. Jaeger's Woolen Fabrics, especially of the Underwear, have been so promptly recognized that imitations and adulterations closely resembling the genuine, have been put upon the market.

THE GENUINE DR. JAEGER'S Sanatory Goods

Are to be found for sale in New York City at
827, 829 and 199 BROADWAY
AND
136 Chambers Street only.

ALSO AT
366 Fulton St., Brooklyn, ONLY.

Purchasers are hereby warned that all so-called "sanitary" goods offered by other houses as "Jaeger" underwear, are

Spurious, though Specious,
IMITATIONS.

Send for explanatory, descriptive and illustrated Catalogue and price list, free by mail.
Garments made to order, a specialty.
Mail orders promptly attended to.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,
827 & 829 Broadway, New York.

"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

A \$65.00 Sewing Machine with attachments \$18.00
A 500-lb. Platform Scale, on wheels 10.00
A \$125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels 65.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam & Beam Box 40.00
A \$40.00 Road Cart, or Small Body Cutter 15.00
A \$15.00 Single Buggy Harness 7.50
A 240-lb. Scoop and Platform Scale 3.00
A 4-lb. Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop 1.00
Portable Forges and Blacksmiths Tools for Farmers.
Catalogue of 1000 useful articles sent free. Address
CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CHRISTMAS SNAPS.

Fat girls fill stockings the best.—Waterloo Observer.

The best clause in a child's life—Santa Claus.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't expect to find a brown-stone front in your stocking.—Philadelphia Call.

The girl who hangs up the biggest piece of mistletoe doesn't get kissed the most.—Judge.

Santa Claus can't come down the chimneys now, but he gets there just the same.—Somerville Journal.

Never look a gift horse in the teeth. It is also wrong to look a Christmas gift in the price mark.—Somerville Journal.

Kris Kringle insists on having a "rum" time at least once a year. It's when he takes his Santy-cruise.—Yonkers Gazette.

Get the Government to observe Christmas customs and the surplus would soon enough be reduced.—New Orleans Picayune.

"The holiday spirit is an all-pervading one," remarked a father as he bought his little boy a fifteen-cent tin horse; "but it costs money."—Puck.

"No, my son, a 'green Christmas' is not necessarily of Irish origin, though they do wear the 'green' over there."—Dansville Breeze.

When the Chicago girls hang up their stockings for Christmas, they are the envy of the rest of the world; but they bankrupt Santa Claus.—Boston Post.

Santa Claus says that the modern chimneys are a nuisance, as they land him away down in the cellar in a red-hot furnace, and then half the time the cellar door is locked.—Dansville Breeze.

CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR THE MILLION.

A champagne cork enrobed in a red-flannel ball dress and gilded, makes a handsome pen-wiper for your literary friend.

A pair of blue goggles is a suitable gift for your pretty-eyed rival.

Do not forget to send your rich aunt a prize Christmas card.

A receipted dress-maker's bill is a nice present for a wife to give to her husband.

The best thing for the forty-year-old maiden to give her dilatory lover is a hint.

Your son-in-law would probably like it if you gave him a rest.—Puck.

A Valuable Animal.

A man, while crossing a lot, was attacked by a young bull calf and was severely bruised. Just as the victim had landed on the safe side of the fence, an old negro came out of a cabin near by, and, calling the man, said:

"Does you wanten buy that animal, sah?"

"No; I want to kill the infernal thing, and I'm going to do it if I have to walk ten miles for a gun."

"W'y, whut is you got agin him?"

"Didn't you see him butt me over the fence?"

"W'y, look yere, he didn't mean dat ter be buttin'. He thought he wuz 'commerdatin you, sah, in he'pin you ober. I's trained him ter he'p folks ober de fence, an' dat's w'y he so valuable. W'y, las' winter w'en I had de rheumatiz I couldn'ter got erlong widout him."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A New Christmas Game.

The new Christmas game will be very fashionable next week. The players hunt through their pocketbooks to see how much money they have left. The one who has the most has to buy a present for New Years.—Somerville Journal.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution. Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the six months ending November, 1889, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF JUNE 18, 1889.

| | |
|--|----------|
| A Wilmot, Deer Lodge, Mont. | \$15,000 |
| J F Edwards, Atlanta, Ga. | 15,000 |
| W H Mims, Ottawa, Ont. | 15,000 |
| Bank of Watsonville, Watsonville, Cal. | 15,000 |
| Mrs Catharine Callahan, 331 Federal st, Boston, Mass. | 15,000 |
| W G Wallace, East Saginaw, Mich. | 15,000 |
| Wm Dalquist, Duluth, Minn. | 15,000 |
| Martha O Wyman, Boston, Mass. | 15,000 |
| Leonard M Hersey, Centre st, Boston, Mass. | 15,000 |
| Lavenson & Gerson, Sacramento, Cal. | 15,000 |
| E H Latour, Buffalo, N. Y. | 15,000 |
| Chas F Nestor, Lancaster, Ohio. | 15,000 |
| Miss Annie Dawce, Strawn, Tex. | 15,000 |
| Felix Hiller, Canton, Miss. | 15,000 |
| Wright T Moore, Memphis, Tenn. | 15,000 |
| Wm Denter, Salamanca, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| K Wegner, Chicago, Ill. | 5,000 |
| Wm F Fass, 47 Greene st, New Haven, Conn. | 5,000 |
| Jno Vanderloo, 19 Cross st, Auburn, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| Mme J P Decomier, 52 North 13th st Philadelphia, Pa. | 5,000 |
| John Kleiber, 1842 North 10th st, Philadelphia Pa. | 5,000 |
| R G Greene, Portland, Me. | 5,000 |
| H Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex. | 5,000 |
| John Harneon, 174 Eliot st, Boston, Mass. | 5,000 |
| E Amsden, 137 Eighth st, New York, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| D Hillman, Redding, Ala. | 5,000 |
| M S Murphy, Merit, Tex. | 5,000 |
| John L Riera, Jr, Lawrence P O La. | 5,000 |
| A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 2,500 |
| Miss H C Pratt, 194 Michigan ave, Chicago, Ill. | 2,500 |
| O C Otis, Lincoln, Neb. | 2,500 |
| L M Whitman, Scribner, Neb. | 2,500 |
| W C Fisher, 358 Halsey st, Newark, N. J. | 2,500 |
| S J Klauber, Newark, N. J. | 2,500 |
| Frank E Pierce, 59 Clinton st, Boston, Mass. | 2,500 |
| G H Stephenson, Sacramento, Cal. | 2,500 |
| F E Luttry, New York, N. Y. | 2,500 |
| Cassagne & Vieu, 3 West Third st, New York, N. Y. | 2,500 |
| W H Brown, Minneapolis, Minn. | 2,500 |
| L Fanatia, Shaw, Kan. | 2,500 |
| National Bank of D O Mills & Co, Sacramento, Cal. | 2,500 |
| Citizens National Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio. | 2,500 |
| A party through Little's Express, 33 Court st, Boston, Mass. | 1,250 |
| J W Lawrence, Portsmouth, Iowa. | 1,250 |
| McCabe & Co, 215 Pearl st, New York, N. Y. | 1,250 |
| Richard Britton, 22 South Gay st, Baltimore, Md. | 1,250 |
| Lawrence Lohrer, 260 West 33d st, New York, N. Y. | 1,250 |
| A Nicaud, New Orleans, La. | 1,250 |
| Jno T Holland, Gastonia, N. C. | 1,250 |
| Geo P Utley, Frost, Tex. | 1,250 |
| First National Bank, Memphis, Tenn. | 1,250 |
| W B Worthen & Co, Little Rock, Ark. | 1,250 |
| Mary P Bodfish, 33 Summer st, Boston, Mass. | 1,250 |
| Mrs. S F Taylor, 23 Avon st, Boston, Mass. | 1,250 |
| J B Ramsey, Marysville, Cal. | 1,250 |

DRAWING OF JULY 16, 1889.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Herman Fisher, St Louis, Mo. | 30,000 |
| Two correspondents through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 30,000 |
| Louis Salade & Edward P Gaylor, Cheyenne, W. Y. | 15,000 |
| Bank of Cozad, Cozad, Neb. | 15,000 |
| F Miles James, Boston, Mass. | 15,000 |
| Manufacturer's National Bank, Boston, Mass. | 15,000 |
| Preston National Bank, Detroit, Mich. | 15,000 |
| Abraham Weinger, 401 South Canal St., Chicago, Ill. | 15,000 |
| Miss Amanda Fisher, 201 Champlain St., Detroit, Mich. | 15,000 |
| Eugene Chretien, Jr., 425 Chartres St., New Orleans, La. | 15,000 |

| | |
|--|--------|
| A Depositor Union National Bank, New Orleans, La. | 15,000 |
| Ike Lurie, 121 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. | 15,000 |
| Max Stadler, 461 Broadway, New York, N. Y. | 12,500 |
| Clark & Anderson, 304 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb. | 12,500 |
| R J Gordon, Sacramento, Cal. | 5,000 |
| First National Bank, Ellsworth, Me. | 5,000 |
| Chas A Sherman, Boone, Iowa. | 5,000 |
| Herman Barney, Wilkes Barre, Pa. | 5,000 |
| Rev F Mayer, German Evangelical Church, Lansing, Mich. | 5,000 |
| Reutschler & Greashaber, Reading, Pa. | 5,000 |
| S Weil, 2d St. and 22d Av., Meridian, Miss. | 5,000 |
| A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| H I Kerschner, Bethlehem, Pa. | 5,000 |
| C H Briggs, Galion, Ohio. | 5,000 |
| Fred C Paff, Bellows Falls, Vt. | 5,000 |
| Henry Luce, Mint Saloon, Salt Lake City, Utah. | 5,000 |
| Geo N Davenport, Springfield, Ill. | 5,000 |
| Hugh T Carisle, 262 Magazine St., New Orleans, La. | 5,000 |
| S T Cochran, Marysville, Tex. | 5,000 |

DRAWING OF AUGUST 13, 1889.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Henry Ehrman, Colon, U. S. Columbia, through J Amsinck & Co., New York | 30,000 |
| Chas Meinhardt, 3,407 La Salle st, St Louis, Mo. | 30,000 |
| A Depositor, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La. | 30,000 |
| Jno W O'Neil and P O Wimberley, through First National Bank, Corsicana, Tex. | 30,000 |
| Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco | 30,000 |
| Mrs Florence M Roche, care J B Fernandez, Savannah, Ga. | 15,000 |
| Deputy Jailer Joe Kinchley, Savannah Ga. | 15,000 |
| La Fayette Bank of St Louis, Mo. | 15,000 |
| Fourth National Bank, St Louis, Mo. | 15,000 |
| J E St Amand, Gunderson, Mont, through First Nat'l Bank, Butte, Mont. | 10,000 |
| E W Maslin, San Francisco, Cal. | 10,000 |
| Jas H Raymond & Co, Austin, Tex. | 10,000 |
| A Barnes, Honolulu, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. | 5,000 |
| Fred Sticher, 1,805 Commercial ave, Cairo, Ill. | 5,000 |
| Alexander County National Bank, Cairo, Ill. | 5,000 |
| The People's Savings Bank, Mobile, Ala. | 5,000 |
| First National Bank, Mobile, Ala. | 5,000 |
| A Party in Baltimore, Md, through U S Express Co. | 5,000 |
| A Correspondent in Havana, Cuba, through F Esteve, New Orleans La. | 5,000 |
| A Depositor, New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La. | 5,000 |
| A M Bowman, Saltville, Va. | 5,000 |
| G W Denby, Norfolk, Va. | 2,500 |
| The Trader's Nat'l Bank, Fort Worth, Tex. | 2,500 |
| Merchants Nat'l Bank, Fort Worth, Tex. | 2,500 |
| A E Morales, 15 Obispo st, Havana, Cuba. | 2,500 |
| Fred Greenwood, Norfolk, Va. | 2,500 |
| Chas Weissleder, 802 Ninth ave, New York, N. Y. | 2,500 |
| Amelia Partenheimer, 910 Monroe st, St Louis, Mo. | 2,500 |
| Aug Kaltmeyer, 6th and Franklin aves, St Louis, Mo. | 2,500 |

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1889.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Christopher Gould, 609 North st, Harrisburg, Pa. | 15,000 |
| Mr A Moyer, through City National Bank, Denver, Col. | 15,000 |
| First National Bank, Denver, Col. | 15,000 |
| Preston National Bank, Detroit, Mich. | 15,000 |
| P A Decker, 631 Ninth ave, New York city, N. Y. | 15,000 |
| C H Boedeker and Jacob Eisenwohn, through City National Bank of Dallas, Dallas, Texas. | 15,000 |
| Sam Burns, through National Exchange Bank, Dallas, Tex. | 15,000 |
| Joe L Poncaire and Philip Lacoste, Bay Grostete, La. | 15,000 |
| A depositor at Baton Rouge, La, through Whitney Nat'l Bank, New Orleans, La. | 15,000 |
| National City Bank of Marshall, Mich. | 15,000 |
| Two correspondents through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank of San Francisco, Cal. | 10,000 |
| Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| Edward Hance, Trenton, N. J. | 5,000 |
| G W Austin, 27 Law Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| J F Gossett & Co, So Carrollton, Ky. | 5,000 |
| Dr A W Tancil, Washington, D C. | 5,000 |

| | |
|--|-------|
| D W Gibbons, 497 Lorain st, Cleveland, O. | 5,000 |
| A B Warmkessel 7th st, Allentown, Pa. | 5,000 |
| Chicopee Nat'l Bank, Springfield, Mass. | 5,000 |
| Will Mutschler, Collinsville, Ill. | 5,000 |
| Jas Lawton, Boston, Mass. | 5,000 |
| John H Hayey, 304 West Broadway, Boston, Mass. | 5,000 |
| P E Peareson, Harland, Tex, through Dyer & Moore, Richmond, Tex. | 5,000 |
| James Doherty, 211 West 46th st, New York, N. Y. | 2,500 |
| John O'Brien, Fall River, Mass. | 2,500 |
| Henry Schimmel, Los Angeles, Cal. | 2,500 |
| Farmers' & Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore, Md. | 2,500 |
| Chas L Haffner, Bethlehem, Pa. | 2,500 |
| J H Maskall for C A File, Dent st, Cleveland, O. | 2,500 |
| E E Caldwell, Indianapolis, Ind. | 2,500 |
| C A Buckingham, U S Express, Chattanooga, Tenn. | 2,500 |
| Paul H Koeschert, Davenport, Iowa. | 2,500 |
| A F Robinson, York, Neb. | 2,500 |
| Fred Lindall, Tama, Iowa. | 2,500 |
| W A Nelson, 601 Front st, San Francisco, Cal. | 2,500 |
| F Falkenhahn, 79 Stevenson st, San Francisco, Cal. | 2,500 |
| Miss Ellen McGowan, Newport, R. I. | 2,500 |
| Sophia Otwell, Stamps, Ark. | 2,500 |

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 15, 1889.

| | |
|---|--------|
| J M Jannison, Spokane Falls, Wash T. | 15,000 |
| Anthony Somariva, care Hawley & Hoops, 271 Mulberry st, New York. | 15,000 |
| Aug J Miller, 1417 South 12th st. St. Louis, Mo. | 15,000 |
| W P Faucett, Campbellsville, Ky. | 15,000 |
| D H Cheney, Fort Smith, Ark. | 15,000 |
| G P Talbott, Danville, Va. | 15,000 |
| H H Harris, Napa, Cal. | 15,000 |
| R Grant, Vine st, Hartford, Ct. | 15,000 |
| H H Fanning, Stockton, Cal. | 15,000 |
| Mariana Romero, Santa Barbara, Cal. | 15,000 |
| Geo M Walton, Sharon Valley, Ct. | 15,000 |
| F H Neeley, Bigbyville, Tenn. | 15,000 |
| Geo W Lane, Forrest City, Ark. | 15,000 |
| T J Carlyle, Walla Walla, Wash T. | 15,000 |
| Geo Jackson, Milwaukee, Wis. | 5,000 |
| Union Bank of Montreal, Montreal, Quebec. | 5,000 |
| Hansa Mohammed, 128 Clinton Place, New York, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| A depositor through Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La. | 5,000 |
| M M Jordan, Greenville, S C. | 5,000 |
| Adoue & Lobit, Bankers, Galveston, Tex. | 5,000 |
| E L Raines, Barnum, Tex. | 5,000 |
| Bowery Bank, New York, N. Y. | 5,000 |
| A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| Norton County Bank, Norton, Kas. | 5,000 |
| Cora Rogers, South Bend, Ind. | 5,000 |
| J R Geddes, Murray, Pa. | 5,000 |
| Ainsworth National Bank, Portland, Ore. | 5,000 |
| Thomas Cruse Savings Bank of Helena, Mont. | 5,000 |
| H J Goodrich, St Johnsbury, Vt. | 5,000 |
| Joe Schrobilgen, Butte City, Mont. | 5,000 |
| A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 5,000 |
| Wm Finlay, care Ward & Courtney, Roswell, N. Mex. | 5,000 |
| Lawrent Kubler, 304 South 7th st, St Louis, Mo. | 2,500 |
| E M Poitevin, Boston, Mass. | 2,500 |
| Michael Stritzlinger, Gretna, La. | 2,500 |
| H A Harvey, Harvey's Canal, Gretna, La. | 2,500 |
| J L Adams, Cincinnati, O. | 2,500 |
| Sam Raphall, 64 Main st, Houston, Tex. | 2,500 |
| J C Baldwin, 64 Main st, Houston, Tex. | 2,500 |
| International Bank of St Louis, Mo. | 2,500 |
| The Market Nat'l Bank, Cincinnati, O. | 2,500 |
| P W Nichols, Portland, Me. | 2,500 |

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 12, 1889.

| | |
|---|--------|
| H C Clarke, 721 North Campton ave, St Louis, Mo. | 30,000 |
| The Bowery Bank, 62 Bowery, New York | 30,000 |
| A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal. | 30,000 |
| Joseph Karas, 424 North. Castle st, Baltimore, Md. | 15,000 |
| Merchants National Bank, Topeka, Kas. | 15,000 |
| George Feick, 1,109 West Baltimore st, Baltimore Md. | 15,000 |
| Mrs Margaret Viellepigue, Topeka, Kas | 15,000 |
| Galion National Bank, Galion, Ohio. | 5,000 |
| Jno Byrnes, 224 Harline st, Baltimore, Md. | 5,500 |
| Jas Mixon, Osyka, Miss. | 2,500 |
| A depositor, Louisiana National Bank New Orleans, La. | 2,500 |
| A depositor Metropolitan Bank New Orleans, La. | 2,500 |
| K Haines, 437 Dumaine st, New Or. | 2,500 |
| L Warnick, Tremé st, New Orleans, La. | 2,500 |



NOT SO EASY.

JUDGE—If I got as intoxicated as you do, I'd shoot myself.

PRISONER—If you was 's tossed as I am, you couldn't hit a barn door.

A New Departure.

There was a time when magazines were not illustrated, and again there was a time when they were illustrated with very crude and coarse wood-cuts. Some of them that were the best of their class in those days would cut a very poor figure at the present time. The advance in both artistic illustrations and in the quality and style of the letter-press of some of these publications has been remarkable. In no other publication is this improvement more marked than in the New York Ledger. From the day of its foundation by Robert Bonner, nearly forty years ago, it has always been the best of its class. It has had a number of imitators but never a real rival. Robert Bonner always kept ahead of the other story papers by securing the best literary and artistic talent that from time to time could be obtained and by adding, without regard to cost, such improvements, artistic, mechanical and otherwise, as progress and invention placed within his reach. Robert Bonner's Sons, worthy successors of the founder of the paper, are now the publishers of the Ledger. While all the best of the old features of the Ledger have been retained, they have added so many new ones that it is now a much finer paper than it has ever been. It has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is profusely illustrated. Some of the most celebrated poets, preachers, statesmen and novelists have been engaged to write for its columns. It is more than a story paper; it is an instructive and educational magazine that in literary excellence and moral tone has few equals. Notwithstanding all the improvements the price is only two dollars a year. We commend the New York Ledger to our readers because it is a progressive paper by progressive publishers for progressive people.

One Way Out of It.

Cleverton—"Say old man, I'm in a fix. I've got to go to a ball to-night and these dress trousers are fearfully baggy. What would you do?"

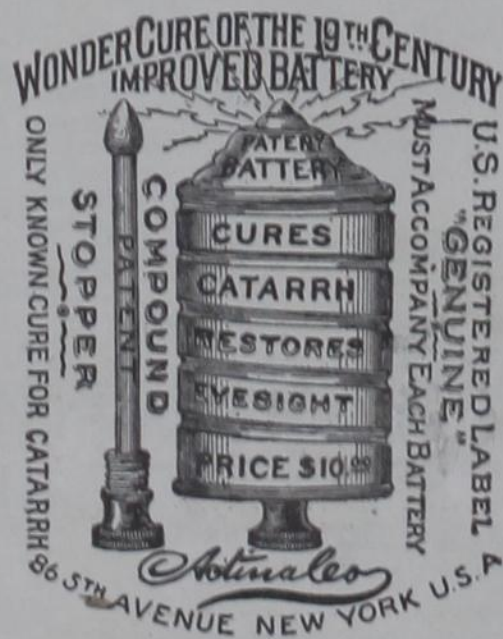
Dashaway (thoughtfully)—"Brush your hair straight back, neglect your nails, don't dance, and they'll think you are a genius."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Several employees of the Texas Siftings Publishing Company have invested in the Webster shoes, and they are so enthusiastic over their excellence and their superiority over other shoes at the same price, that they have importuned us to express their opinion of the shoes in this column. The gentlemen who have used the shoes say that they have never seen anything to equal them in ease, fit, comfort and tenacity in the matter of wear. They are thick-soled, water-proof, and just the thing for winter wear. They are a very different thing from the \$3 shoe you see advertised by other parties. \$5.50 is the price either by mail or express, and Mr. T. W. Webster guarantees the fit. His address is Boston, Mass.

Spirit—"Well, well. Pop, he said I'd never get to heaven, but here I am."

One of the Coal Passers—"This isn't heaven, you chump. This is the other place. Where are you from, anyway?"

Spirit—"Camden."—Philadelphia Inquirer.



IT IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA AND COLD IN THE HEAD. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. A CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE HEAD AND THROAT. GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF. FREE TRIAL AT PARLORS, OR SEND 4c. FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK. BATTERY SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN DOLLARS. REMIT BY REGISTERED LETTER, EXPRESS, OR P. O. ORDER.

Eyesight and Hearing Restored.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

Battery convenient for pocket.

Actinales

86 5TH AVE., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

1890

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE,

A Literary Magazine for the Family,

Containing Monthly 90 Pages of

Entertaining, Instructive and Amusing Reading.

Established 1855.—36th Year.

A FIRST-CLASS PUBLICATION WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

Serial Stories by the Best Authors, A Choice Variety of Complete Stories, Romances, Sketches of Adventure, Biographies, Anecdotes, Poetry, Our Young Folks' Story-Teller, Ruthven's Puzzle Page, The Housekeeper, Curious Matters, Things Pleasant and Otherwise, Humorous Matter, etc.

All forming a Most Complete Publication for Family Reading, Clean, Bright and Sparkling.

A HANDSOME CALENDAR FOR THE NEW YEAR TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50 PER YEAR POSTPAID. For Sale by all Newsdealers. Price 15c.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS.

Special Club Terms for the Subscription Season of 1890. Make up a Club for the new year, and get your Magazine at a Reduced Price.

TWO COPIES, ONE YEAR, \$2.50.

THREE COPIES, ONE YEAR, 3.75.

FOUR subscribers, one year, Five Dollars, \$1.25 each, and a fifth copy gratis one year to the getter-up of the Club, or FIVE subscribers \$5.00, ONE DOLLAR each. Additions to the Club can be made at the same price.

A Club of Ten Subscribers, \$10.00,

ONE DOLLAR each, and eleventh copy gratis one year to the getter-up of the Club.

By giving members of the club the benefit of the club rate, \$1.00 each, almost any person can procure a club of ten subscribers, thus securing a copy gratis. All post paid.

THE NOVELETTE, Illustrated.

Entertaining Stories by Standard Authors. See Catalogue.

Ballou's Magazine and the Novelette, COMBINED.

Magazine one year and Ten Novelettes, \$2.00;

Twenty Novelettes, \$2.50; Thirty Novelettes, \$3.00.

G. W. Studley, Publisher, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

THE NOVELETTE.

Entertaining Stories by Standard Authors.

FOR SALE AT ALL PERIODICAL DEPOTS throughout the country, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 15 cts. per copy; or two books for 25 cents; five books for 50 cents; twelve books for \$1.00. CATALOGUE.

- No. 1.—The Arkansas Ranger, or Dingle the Backwoodsman. A story of East and West. By Lieut. Murray.
- No. 2.—The Sea Lion, or the Privateer of the Penobscot. A Story of Ocean Life. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 3.—Marion's Brigade, or the Light Dragoons. A Tale of the Revolution. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
- No. 4.—Bessie Baine, or the Mormon's Victim. A Tale of Utah. By M. Quad, of the Detroit Free Press.
- No. 5.—The Red Revenger, or the Pirate King of the Floridas. A Tale of the Gulf and its Islands. By Ned Buntline.
- No. 6.—Orlando Chester, or the Young Hunter of Virginia. A Story of Colonial Life. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 7.—The Secret-Service Ship, or the Fall of San Juan d'Ulloa. A Romance of the Mexican War. By Capt. Charles E. Averill.
- No. 8.—Adventures in the Pacific, or in Chase of a Wife. By Col. Isaac H. Folger.
- No. 9.—Ivan the Serf, or the Russian and Circassian. A Tale of Russia, Turkey and Circassia. By Austin C. Burdick.
- No. 10.—The Scout, or the Sharpshooters of the Revolution. A Story of our Revolutionary Struggle. By Major Benj. Perley Poore.
- No. 11.—Daniel Boone, or the Pioneers of Kentucky. A Tale of Early Western Life. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
- No. 12.—The King of the Sea. A Tale of the Fearless and Free. A Romance of the Sea. By Ned Buntline.
- No. 13.—The Queen of the Sea, or Our Lady of the Ocean. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. By Ned Buntline.
- No. 14.—The Heart's Secret, or the Fortunes of a Soldier. A Tale of Love and the Low Latitudes. By Lieut. Murray.
- No. 15.—The Storm Children, or the Light-Keeper of the Channel. A Story of Land and Sea Adventure. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 16.—One-Eyed Jake, or the Young Dragoon. A Story of the Revolutionary Struggle. By Edwards Keeler Olmstead.
- No. 17.—The Witch of the Wave, or the Rover's Captive. A Story of Adventure. By Henry F. Cheever.
- No. 18.—Neverfall, or The Children of the Border. A Tale of Kentucky. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
- No. 19.—Roderick the Rover, or The Spirit of the Wave. A Story of the Old and New World. By Lieut. Murray.
- No. 20.—The Chinese Juggler, or The Grandee's Plot. A Story of the Celestial Empire. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 21.—The Phantom of the Sea, or the Red Cross and the Crescent. A Story of Boston Bay and the Mediterranean. By Francis A. Durling.
- No. 22.—The Texan Bravo, or the Lone Star of Texas. A Tale of Early Life in the Southwest. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
- No. 23.—The Dancing Star, or The Smuggler of the Chesapeake. A Romantic Story of Sea and Shore. By Capt. J. H. Ingraham.
- No. 24.—The Bravo's Secret, or The Spy of the Ten. A Vagabond Story of the Fourteenth Century. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 25.—Captain Belt, or the Buccaneer of the Gulf. A Romantic Story of Sea and Shore. By F. Clinton Barrington.
- No. 26.—The Outlaw, or The Female Bandit. A Story of the Robbers of the Appennines. By Lieut. Murray.
- No. 27.—Paul Laroan, or The Scourge of the Antilles. A Story of Ship and Shore. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 28.—The Royal Yacht, or Logan the Warlock. A Revolutionary Romance of Sea and Land. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
- No. 29.—The Royal Greens, or The Scout of the Susquehanna. A Tale of the Valley of Wyoming. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
- No. 30.—The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main. By Ned Buntline.

G. W. STUDLEY, Publisher, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

PATTERN FREE!

By Special Arrangement with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, the Greatest of all Family Magazines, we are enabled to make every one of our lady readers a handsome present.

Cut out this slip and inclose it (with a two-cent stamp for return postage and your name and address) to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, and you will receive by return mail a full-size pattern, illustrated and fully described, of this BASQUE, (worth 25c.)

Cross out with pencil the size desired. Bust, 34, 36, 38, 40.

Each copy of "DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE" contains a COUPON ORDER entitling the holder to the selection of ANY PATTERN illustrated in any number of the Magazine, and in ANY OF THE SIZES manufactured, making during the year Twelve Patterns, valued at from 20 cents to 30 cents each.

This is a most liberal offer; and ladies are learning that, besides having the best Literary and Household Magazine that is published, they can save between \$3.00 and \$4.00 per year by subscribing for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, which is acknowledged to be the best Family Magazine in the world. Many suppose DEMOREST'S to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the finest FASHION DEPARTMENT of any magazine published, but this is the case from the fact that great enterprise and experience are shown, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself. By subscribing for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE you really get a dozen magazines in one, and secure amusement and instruction for the whole family. It contains Stories, Poems, and other Literary attractions, including Artistic, Scientific, and Household matters, and is illustrated with original Steel Engravings, Photographures, Oil Pictures, and fine Woodcuts, making it the Model Magazine of America.

Yearly subscriptions \$2.00; or if you prefer, you can send 50 cents for a three months' trial; for a trial is only needed to convince you that you can get ten times the value of the money paid. Single copies (containing Pattern Coupon) 20 cents.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, PUBLISHER,
15 East 14th Street, New York.

Christmas in North Carolina.

Sevier Station, in the North Carolina mountains, knew nothing of the high significance which modern thought attaches to the great festival of the Christmas year. It was the day, however, on which Colonel Royall sent, before breakfast, a bumper of foaming egg-nog to every white man and woman in the clarin'. Every negro who asked for it had "a warmen" of whisky at the colonel's expense. It was the day, too, on which Squire Barr gave his annual tremendous dinner of turkey and chicken pie, at which the six families of the village all sat down together. Mrs. Missouri Barr, also, made a practice of sending dishes of roast pork and hominy, or 'possum stewed in rice and molasses, or some such delicacy, to every negro cabin. There was a general interchange of gifts; briarwood pipes, or pinchbeck scarf-pins, or cakes of soap in the shape of dog's heads, all of which elegant trifles had been purchased from traveling peddlers months before, and stored away for the great occasion. Nobody was forgotten, from the squire to the least pickaninny in the quarters.

There was a vague idea throughout the clarin' that the day was one in which to be friendly and to give old grudges the go-by; the Lord was supposed, for some reason, to be nearer at hand on that day than usual, though not so near as to make anybody uncomfortable.

Father Ruggles, the jolly old Methodist itinerant, was up in the mountains, and had sent word he was coming down for his Christmas dinner.

"He'll ask a blessin' on the meal, thank 'Heaven!' said Mrs. Missouri, with a devout sigh.

The squire hurried with the news to the colonel.

"It'll be a big occasion," he said, triumphantly. "Father Ruggles'll be equal to a turkey himself. I depend on you for makin' de coffee, Colonel. Sam's that eggsited now he doan know what he's about."

"Suhtenly, suhtenly! But really, Mrs. Missouri'd better double de supply of mince pie," he suggested, anxiously. "Father Ruggles is tahrrible fond of mince."—Rebecca Harding Davis.

Invested a Dollar and Realized a Million.

Brown and his friend Perkins were talking about investments.

"Once I invested \$1,000 in real estate," said Perkins, "and doubled it in less than six months. That was the best investment I ever made. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"I've done better than that," said Brown. "Two years ago I was told by all my friends that I was going into consumption, and I thought they were right about it. I had a dry, hacking cough, no appetite, my sleep came by fits and starts, and seemed to do me no good, and often there was a dull, heavy pain in my chest. I kept growing weaker and weaker, and at last night-sweats set in. I thought it was all up with me then. I had consulted two doctors and taken quarts of their medicine, and received no benefit from it. One day I happened to read something about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I made up my mind to give it a trial, but I didn't expect it would help me. I invested a dollar in a bottle of it, and it helped me from the first dose. It helped and it cured me, and when I compare my present good health with the miserable health of two years ago I think I am safe in saying that my investment was a much better one than yours. You can't reckon health by any measure of dollars and cents; if you could I should say that I had realized at least a million from my \$1.00 investment." "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended or money paid for it will be refunded.

All Explained.

The question arises: "Why does a green Christmas make a fat graveyard?" The green weather depreciates the price and quality of the turkey, engenders gluttony, produces repletion and apoplexy and adds to the corpulency of the cemetery and the bank-account of the undertaker.—Lowell Citizen.

The only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

A Tramp Scheme.

"Oh, tut! That's a tramp scheme."
"Tramp scheme? What the deuce do you mean by a tramp scheme?"
"Oh, it won't work."—The Jury.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

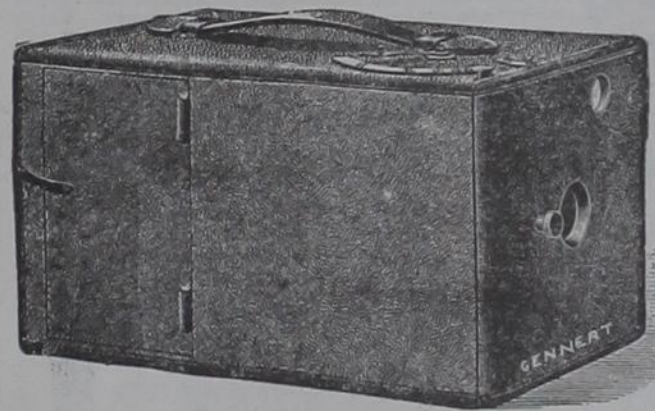
LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

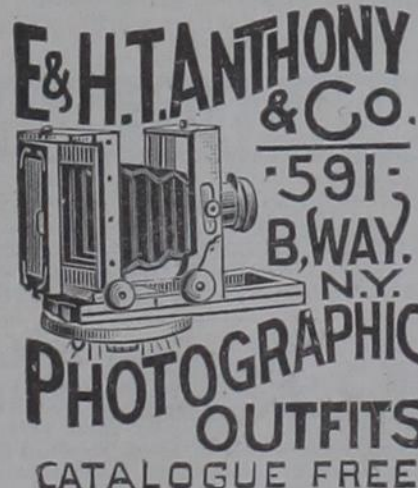
Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

DOGS FOR SALE.

Gordon Setters, Collies and Irish Terriers. Full grown dogs and puppies of above breeds always on hand. Full pedigrees and prize winners. Address Chestnut Hill Kennels, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



FOR A FINE HOLIDAY GIFT
SELECT A
Montauk Camera.
G. GENNERT,
54 East 10th Street, New York.
Sample Photograph on Application.



CATALOGUE FREE.



FREE TO F. A. M. 2 Beautiful Engravings of ancient Masonic Scenes, also large illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Grand illustrated work for Agents. Beware of the spurious Masonic books. REDDING & Co., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

PIANOS

Are at present the most popular and

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS

Preferred by the leading Artists.

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.



MR. LEE. "Why, Addie, you needn't cry about it! I only said Mrs. Allen was a very well informed woman, and I wished you would follow her example."

MRS. LEE. "Yes, and last week you said you wished I could manage to look as stylish as Mrs. Allen—and she makes all her own clothes. But she has what I haven't."

MR. LEE. "What is that?"

MRS. LEE. "Well, she gets all of her information from the Magazine they take. I admit that she knows all that is going on, and is bright and entertaining in conversation; but I could do as well as she does if I had the same source of information. She lent me the last number of her Magazine lately, and I learned more in one hour's reading, about various social matters and the topics of the day, than I would pick up in a month by my occasional chats with friends. It certainly covers every topic of interest, from the news of the day down to the details of housekeeping; and everything is so beautifully illustrated, too. Every time Mamie goes over to the Allens' she comes back and teases me to get you to take Demorest's Family Magazine, as the stories are so good. Even the boys watch for it every month, as a place is found for them also in its pages; and Mr. Allen swears by it. It is really wonderful how it suits every member of the family!"

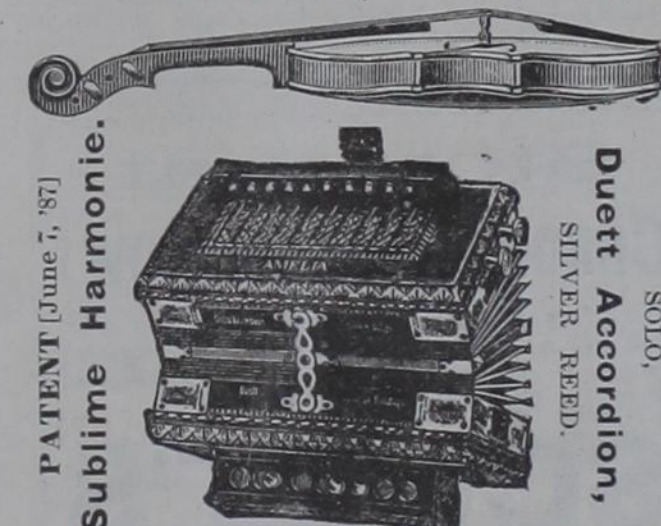
MR. LEE. "Well, perhaps I had better send for a Specimen Copy; for, if it is anything like what you say it is, it will amuse and instruct the whole of us."

MRS. LEE. "I see that W. Jennings Demorest, the publisher, 15 East 14th Street, New York, is offering to send a Specimen Copy for 10 cents, so we can't lose anything, as each number contains a 'Pattern Order' entitling the holder to any Pattern she may choose, and in any size—which alone makes each copy worth 30 cents; and I just want a jacket pattern like Mrs. Allen's. The subscription price is only \$2.00 a year; and I must say I can't see how they can publish so elegant a Magazine for so little money."



Unequalled for Symmetry, Beauty, Material, and Workmanship. With Safety Catch, impossible to throw barrel open when discharged. New Patent. 38 calibre, using S. & W. C. F. Cartridge. Do not buy until you have examined this. If you buy a genuine Swift Double-Action Revolver, you are sure to have as perfect a Pistol as can be made. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send 6c. in stamps for our 100 page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Police Goods, etc. John P. Lovell Arms Co., Mfrs., Boston, Mass.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON,
43 & 45 Walker St., NEW YORK.



Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of Musical Merchandise
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Mandolines, ACCORDIONS, HARMONICAS, &c. ALL KINDS OF STRINGS, ETC. No Goods at Retail. Dealers please Send for Catalogue.



The Lothrop Magazines.

WIDE AWAKE A Good Year 1890
"The brightest of the children's magazines."—Springfield Republican. A Merry Year

The Best Magazine for Young People and the Family.

FIVE GREAT SERIALS FOR 1890.

That Boy Gid. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. The rugged, reticent boy of the farm, his charming sister, the village neighbors.

The New Senior at Andover. By HERBERT D. WARD. School Life in Famous Andover.

The Sons of the Vikings. By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN. A jolly serial of modern Norse boys.

Bony and Ban. one of the best of the MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD serials.

Sealed Orders. By CHARLES REMINGTON TALBOT. An amusing adventure story of "wet sheets and a flowing sea."

SERIES OF ARTICLES AND STORIES.

Confessions of an Amateur Photographer. By ALEXANDER BLACK. Six practical and amusing articles.

Lucy Pervear. First of a series of graphic North Carolina sketches by MARGARET SIDNEY.

Tales of Old Acadie. A dozen powerful true stories. By GRACE DEAN MCLEOD.

The Will and the Way Stories. By JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. Twelve true stories; strong, ringing tales.

The Puk-Wudjies. By L. J. BRIDGMAN. The Funny Indian Fairy Folk.

Business Openings for Girls and Young Women. A dozen really helpful papers by SALLIE JOY WHITE.

Twelve more Daisy-Patty Letters. By Mrs. Ex-Governor CLAFELIN.

Twelve School and Play-Ground Tales. The first will be "Lambkin; Was He a Hero or a Prig?" by HOWARD PYLE, the artist. Postal-Card Votes and Cash Prizes.

Many Short Stories and Illustrated Articles.

The Christmas Number, enlarged, 16 pages, to admit a great serial of adventure, by GRANT ALLEN, entitled **Wednesday the Tenth; A Tale of the South Pacific.**

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. New vol. begins December.

FOR THE YOUNGER YOUNG PEOPLE.

BABYLAND.

This is the one magazine in the world that brings happy hours for baby and restful hours for mamma in the nursery. Dainty stories, poems, jingles, pictures. Large type, heavy paper—only 50 cents a year. New Volume begins January.

Our Little Men and Women.

This is a magazine for little folks beginning to read for themselves. Seventy-five full-page pictures and hundreds of smaller ones. \$1.00 a year. New Volume begins January.

THE PANSY.

An Illustrated Monthly, devoted to Young Folks. For Sunday and Week-Day Reading.

ISABELLA M. ALDEN (Pansy), Editors.
G. R. ALDEN.

New Serials by PANSY and MARGARET SIDNEY. FELIX OSWALD, M. D., will give a series of papers. New volume begins with November. \$1.00 a year.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

Specimens of the four Lothrop Magazines, 15 cents; of any one, 5 cents. Full Prospectus and Club rates free.

MAGIC LANTERNS & Views For Sale and Wanted. Music Boxes, Organettes, Photo. Outfits, STEAM ENGINES, Electric Mechanical Novelties, &c. Catalogues Free. HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTMAS BOX FREE!

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR THE LADIES!
THE LADIES' WORLD is an elegant and refined periodical for ladies and the family. Each number consists of 16 large pages,

64 columns of entertaining and instructive reading matter and beautiful illustrations. It contains Serial and Short Stories, beautiful Poems, "Housekeeper's Department," "Ladies' Fancy Work," "Fashion Department," "The Family Doctor," "Our Boys and Girls," "Mother's Department," "Etiquette," "Home Decoration," etc. Every lady is delighted with this charming paper. We desire to at once double its already mammoth circulation, and in order to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty-Five Cents (postage stamps, silver or postal note), we will send **The Ladies' World for Three Months**, and we will also send to each subscriber, **Free** and post-paid, our new **Christmas Box**, containing all the following valuable and useful holiday presents: Ten elegant Christmas Cards in beautiful colors, plain and embossed, alone worth the cost of this entire combination; 15 Perforated Parchment Stamping Patterns, specially designed for working embroidery on Christmas presents; 1 Perfume Sachet, to be placed in bureau drawer, handkerchiefbox, or elsewhere—elegant and durable; 1 Ladies' Needle Book, containing three papers good needles, assorted sizes, also 15 mixed cotton and yarn darning, tape needles, etc.; 2 Handsome Japanese Lamp Hats, ornamental and useful; 1 Tortoise Shell Hair Ornament, very fashionable; 1 Steel Crochet Hook, for fine work, and 1 Bone Crochet Hook, for coarser work. Remember, we send the Xmas Box, containing all the above, also our paper three months, for only 25 cents; five subscriptions and five Christmas Boxes will be sent for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer to any publisher in N. Y. as to our reliability. Do not miss this chance! Address S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

Department," "Etiquette," "Home Decoration," etc. Every lady is delighted with this charming paper. We desire to at once double its already mammoth circulation, and in order to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty-Five Cents (postage stamps, silver or postal note), we will send **The Ladies' World for Three Months**, and we will also send to each subscriber, **Free** and post-paid, our new **Christmas Box**, containing all the following valuable and useful holiday presents: Ten elegant Christmas Cards in beautiful colors, plain and embossed, alone worth the cost of this entire combination; 15 Perforated Parchment Stamping Patterns, specially designed for working embroidery on Christmas presents; 1 Perfume Sachet, to be placed in bureau drawer, handkerchiefbox, or elsewhere—elegant and durable; 1 Ladies' Needle Book, containing three papers good needles, assorted sizes, also 15 mixed cotton and yarn darning, tape needles, etc.; 2 Handsome Japanese Lamp Hats, ornamental and useful; 1 Tortoise Shell Hair Ornament, very fashionable; 1 Steel Crochet Hook, for fine work, and 1 Bone Crochet Hook, for coarser work. Remember, we send the Xmas Box, containing all the above, also our paper three months, for only 25 cents; five subscriptions and five Christmas Boxes will be sent for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer to any publisher in N. Y. as to our reliability. Do not miss this chance! Address S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.



COLD CHARITY.

FIRST TRAMP—Guess we'll have to live on charity this winter. You know they say charity begins to hum.

SECOND TRAMP—Well, it hasn't begun to hum with me yet.

A Literary Feast.

The prospectus of Harper's Magazine promises us a literary feast for 1890. Harper's has always been in the front rank among the magazines. The improvement, both artistic and otherwise, made in all the leading magazines during the last decade has been notable, but it is safe to assert that no one has shown a more marked advance than has Harper's. When a new number reaches us we think surely the limit of improvement and excellence has been reached, and that nothing will ever excel the number before us, but as the days go around, another number comes, and we realize that it is better than the best that has gone before. The illustrations in this magazine are magnificent works of art, far beyond anything that we would have dreamed of a few years ago. The literary matter is of most excellent quality. The contributors are the leading writers in their respective lines of literary work, and the variety in theme and style and story causes it to be eagerly read by men and women of all degrees and of varied tastes. Harper's is surely the monarch of the monthlies.

In Other Lands.

The word Christmas is almost identical with the word kirmes. In the days when Elizabeth was queen Christmas was not seldom written Kyrsmas. In Holland where the kermis is a national institution Christmas is called Kerstijid (Christmas-tide) and the festival of Christmas Kermis, Christmasday is called Kersdag and Christmas pies are Kerskeck. In the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway and Sweden and Finland, Christmas is known as Jul, the same word as the English Yule. In France Christmas is Noel, that is, the nativity. In Spain it is Navidad, in Portugal Natal, in Italy Natale, all these signifying the nativity. In Germany it is Weihnacht, Christmas-tide being Weihnachtzeit. In Wales it is Nadolig, meaning the nativity.

There is an ancient superstition that at midnight on Christmas eve the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour in the same manner as the legend describes them to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees are also said to sing in their hives at the same time, and bread baked on Christmas eve, it is averred, never becomes mouldy.—Exchange.

He Knew Him.

"Have you any paper collars?" he asked, as he sidled into the store on tip-toe.

"Certainly, sir," replied the affable clerk. "Will one be enough? How is everything in East St. Louis?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

She Had.

Clarksby—"Good morning, Mrs. Gadby. Shopping, I see."

Mrs. Gadby—"Yes; I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas."

C—"I haven't seen Mr. Gadby 'on 'Change' lately."

Mrs. G. (laconically)—"I have!"—Time.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

A Natural Inference.

Jack (with sporting tendencies)—"I say, sis, have you read this splendid account of 'The Big Foot Race'?"

Carrie (Wooded by a Chicagoan)—"No, of course not. I never read any of those hateful things about Chicago girls."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays \$50 a day. Address Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOS 19 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 58 2c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

A. GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dear born St., Chicago, Ill. Advice free. 21 years' experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles. Catalogue and sample free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

MADAME GIOVANNINI, 103 East 61st street. Young Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elocution and Painting. English Department. Terms moderate.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

USED IT TURKISH HAIR CROWDER. Warranted to grow a beautiful moustache on the face of bald men, without injury, in 3 weeks or money refunded. The original and only reliable article of the kind on the market. Use no worthless imitations. One pkg. 15 cts. 2 for 25 cts. 5 for 50 cts. pp. A fortune for age. TREMONT MAN'G CO., Sta. A, Boston, pp.

A MILLION BOOKS, rare, curious, current, in stock. Almost given away. Libraries supplied cheaper than at any book store in the world. Libraries and books bought. Mammoth Catalogue free. LEGGAT BROTHERS, 81 Chambers Street, 3d door West of City Hall Park, New York.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. CONSUMPTION

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

NUMISMATIC BANK

\$15000 paid for a complete collection of American Coins. Single specimens bought up to 1878. Collectors employed, averaging \$7.00 a day by following instructions given in the Bankers and Collectors Illus. Bulletin, 10c. a copy. Send to-day and see this again. Numismatic Bank, 235 Wash St. Boston, Mass.

WOMEN'S SECRETS Or How to be BEAUTIFUL

Largest Sale of any Book. Price, by mail, only 25 Cents. Charles Dickens' Complete Works, mailed for \$1.00 Waverly Novels, by Walter Scott, 25 Vols., only 1.50 Mammoth Cyclopaedia, 4 Volumes, 2170 Pages, 1.00 50 Books at 5 cts. each; 20 for 50 cts; 50 for 1.00 FREE for a very little work, these include Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Crochery, Watches, Clocks, Accordions, Harmonicas, Photograph Outfits, all Books, Papers, Magazines, &c. 100-page Catalogue and copy of Paper with beautiful Engravings, sent for 10 Cts. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

FREE! 84 Page CATALOGUE. STENCILS Seals, Stamps, Brands, &c. S. W. REES & CO., 29 Church St., N. Y.

PILES

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

A NOVEL.

Descriptive of Adventures, FROM THE CHAPPARAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

Printed from New, Large Type. Bound in Paper Covers. Price Fifty Cents.

POLLARD & MOSS, Publishers, 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, N. Y.

A GREAT COMBINATION.

Texas Siftings.

(Illustrated) The Great Humorous Paper, The Witty Wonder of the Age.

OFFER NO. 683.

With a mail order on this offer for 1,000

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c

Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co., 55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

READ WHAT

Dr. Campbell's Life Renewing Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers Have Done.

A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good. I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1 Depot, 220 6th ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention this paper.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED \$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD

THE PRACTICAL FARMER

A LIVE Agricultural PAPER for Live FARMERS.

\$1 per year in ADVANCE

Published 16 Pages Weekly 64 Cols.

It is old in years (established 1855) but young in the vigor and ability with which it treats of Farm Topics. Everything of to-day which will aid the farmer of to-day in getting the best results from his fields is presented in its columns from week to week, in a plain, practical, common-sense manner. The thoughts of the best Agricultural writers, and the experience of Practical Farmers alike find expression in it. In its 14 Departments can be found every week articles of profit and interest in the Field-work, among the Stock, in the Dairy, the Orchard, the Garden, the Poultry-yard and among the Bees. A skilled Veterinary Surgeon answers the questions of its subscribers concerning their stock free. The Housekeeper has a special department, and instructive and entertaining reading is provided for the Home Circle and the Children. Its weekly Market Reports are full and accurate. Its subscribers pronounce it the Best Agricultural Journal in the Country.

Once in a while a subscriber drops out, but he feels pretty much as does Jacob Rodenbaugh, of Locktown, N. J., who writes us:

"I gave up THE FARMER more than two years ago, after reading it regularly for a number of years, not because I did not like it, but my sight had so much failed that I found it difficult to read only quite large print. So I reluctantly gave up the old friend, but persuaded my farmer to take it and so had opportunity to read it as often as I felt inclined. But he allowed his subscription to run out, and I had not seen the paper for a long time, and I now feel that I cannot carry on farming without it."

One Dollar per Year—less than 2 cents per week. ADDRESS, SAMPLE COPY FREE.

THE FARMER CO., PUB'S,

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: P. O. Box, 1317, 725 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, A

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Paying Them Off.

Managing Editor—"Did you pay the artist who illustrated that great poem 'Christmas Chimes' on your first page?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir. Sent him a check for \$250."

"Good. How much did you pay the engraver?"

"I sent him \$75."

"Yes. Is there any money left?"

"About seventeen cents."

"Very well. Send it to the man who wrote the poem."—Philadelphia Record.

We Have a Revolver Now.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

OFFICE OF
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.,
Dec. 7, 1889.
Texas Siftings Publishing Co., New York:

GENTLEMEN:—Please insert our advt. [copy enclosed] in your Christmas number, and charge same to us at rate quoted.

We forward to you to-day, by express, one of our new revolvers—the same as described in the advt.—which please present with our compliments to your Manager, our old friend, Knox. He may need it in his business.

Yours Truly,
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.
per Benj. Lovell.

OFFICE OF
TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
New York,
Dec. 8, 1889.

Mr. per Benj. Lovell, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR SIR:—Revolver received. What use, do you suppose, I could have for a self-cocking, six-chamber, Swift, double-action, automatic, etc., revolver? It is very handsome, I admit, and looks to be a valuable and murderous weapon, but what prompted you to make me such a present? Why didn't you send me a health-lift, or one of your patent parlor rowing machines? I could have used that on our office boy; his muscle needs development that sitting on a high stool and licking postage stamps fails to give him. But a revolver! Why, don't you know that it is against the law to carry one in New York? If I should be found with a gun in my pocket I would be taken before Judge Duffy, or some other of New York's foreign mandarins, and sentenced to thirty days' vacation, where cracking stone with a long-handled hammer would be a part of my clerical duties.

I think, however, I catch your idea. You are not such a philanthropist as a stranger might suppose you to be. You think I might possibly monkey with the thing, and accidentally blow a hole in myself, when you would hope to see some headlines like these in the daily papers:

DEPLORABLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT!

NEW YORK IN TEARS.

A Well-known Journalist Shot in the Neck by a Gun Presented to Him by J. P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Dealers in Sporting Goods, Guns and Pistols a specialty; Grindstones in Every Style, etc., etc.

It may be that you hope that I shall become enraged at one of the many members of the human race who suggest that a great improvement to TEXAS SIFTINGS would be to add "A Chess Column," a "World's Fair Department," a "Woman's Page," or weekly articles on "The Rotation of Crops," and that I may shoot a few 38-calibre bullets into his anatomy. Then the police would take the revolver, and the reporters would examine it and everybody would learn that it was from the "well-known establishment of Jno. P. Lovell Arms Co., dealers in," etc., etc.

It's an advertisement you're after, is it? Well, you won't get it. When I want to kill any one I shall saw one of those heavy editorials out of the Boston Post, and fracture his skull with it, or I shall take him up the gulch, to some quiet nook, and read Robert Elsmere to him.

I am going to give the revolver to one who never kills anybody—one who will never use it. I am going to present it to the fool-killer. Seems to me he has retired from business. So you're scheme to get a big advertisement for a small revolver will be a frost-bitten failure.

Truly,
J. ARMOY KNOX.

Preferred to Believe in Santa Claus.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small Hartford girl of her mother.

"Some folks say there is not," was the reply.

"Well, I don't care. I don't like folks who say there isn't any Santa Claus. They never give little girls any nice presents."—Hartford Post.

"News."

The word "news" is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass—North, East, West and South. To all the points of the compass let the good news go that for deranged liver, nervous headache, costiveness, impure blood, nausea, and many other disturbances of the system that make men mourn, there is a remedy. Thousands testify that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles. Small but potent; one a dose.

The Leisure Hour Library.

COMPLETE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS
By Well-known and Popular Authors,
AT THREE CENTS EACH!

EACH number of THE LEISURE HOUR LIBRARY contains a complete first-class novel or other work by a well-known and popular author. It is the cheapest series of first-class works ever published in any land or language, and a real boon to every lover of good literature. Novels which cost 25 cents each in the cheapest edition published by any other house, are produced by us, full and complete, and sold for three cents. Remember each novel is complete—you can read it entire and at once, not having to wait for it from week to week as you do when reading a story paper. We will send any of the following numbers of THE LEISURE HOUR LIBRARY, by mail post-paid, upon receipt of price, only three cents each. Look the list over and send to us for as many as you wish. We guarantee satisfaction. You can afford to send for a number of them, they are so cheap!

COMPLETE NOVELS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS.

- No. 271. Simon Derrick's Daughter. By M. T. CALDWELL. Illustrated.
- No. 272. The Linden Farm Bride. By MARGARET BLOUNT. Illustrated.
- No. 273. A Dangerous Woman. By Mrs. ANN STEPHENS.
- No. 274. Blackbird Hill. By ELSIE KENNETH.
- No. 275. The Peril of Richard Pardon. By B. L. FARJEON.
- No. 276. The Little Old Man of the Battleground. By EMILE GAUBRIAN.
- No. 277. From the Earth to the Moon. By JULES VERNE.
- No. 278. The Guardian's Plot. By Dr. J. H. ROBINSON.
- No. 279. The Baron's Will. By SYLVANUS CORB, JR.
- No. 280. The Gray Falcon. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 281. The Sorrows of a Secret. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 282. Percy and the Prophet. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- No. 283. The Story of a Wedding Ring. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 284. Mary Ann Ware's Temptation. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 285. A Modern Cinderella. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 286. The Island Home. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 287. The Fatal Glove. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
- No. 288. The Mill Girl of Tyrol. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
- No. 289. Ruth Herrick. By WILLIAM H. BURNELL.
- No. 290. Ruthven's Ward. By FLORENCE MARRIAT.
- No. 291. Two Kisses. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 292. Clouds and Sunshine. By CHARLES READE.
- No. 293. A Vagabond Heroine. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
- No. 294. Thornycroft Grange. By RUTH WILKINSON.
- No. 295. Caramel Cottage. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 296. The Dream Woman. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- No. 297. The Treasure of Franchard. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
- No. 298. The Misadventures of John Nicholson. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
- No. 299. Bread Upon the Waters. By MISS MULLOCK. Illustrated.
- No. 300. A Tale of Three Lions. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
- No. 301. Page Ninety-two. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 302. Mary Hardwick's Rival. By MRS. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 303. Wall Flowers. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
- No. 304. The Merchant's Crime. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- No. 305. George Caulfield's Journey. By MISS M. E. BRADDON.
- No. 306. My Sister Kate. By author "Dora Thorne." Illustrated.
- No. 307. Hesperia. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 308. Ivan the Serf. By SYLVANUS CORB, JR.
- No. 309. A Dark Inheritance. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 310. That Winter Night. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
- No. 311. The Red Cross. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 312. For Love or Riches. By author "A Great Mistake."
- No. 313. The Wizard of Granada. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 314. A Woman's Secret. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- No. 315. The Gully River. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- No. 316. Florence Irvington's Oath. By Mrs. MARY A. DENISON. Illustrated.
- No. 317. Lancaster's Cabin. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR. Illustrated.
- No. 318. Mont Grange. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 319. The Golden Asps. By FLORENCE MARRIAT.
- No. 320. Forging the Chain. By MRS. ALEXANDER.
- No. 321. A Playwright's Daughter. By Mrs. ANN STEPHENS. Illustrated.
- No. 322. Hallow Ash Hall. By MARGARET BLOUNT. Illustrated.
- No. 323. Sir Noel's Heir. By MRS. MARY AGNES FLEMING.
- No. 324. Doris's Fortune. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
- No. 325. The Nine Hearts. By B. L. FARJEON.
- No. 326. Lady Valworth's Diamonds. By "THE DUCHESS."
- No. 327. Fair but False. By author of "Dora Thorne." Illustrated.
- No. 328. The Woman Hater. By Dr. J. H. ROBINSON. Illustrated.
- No. 329. The Two Sins. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 330. The Lawyer's Secret. By MISS M. E. BRADDON.
- No. 331. The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By R. L. STEVENSON.
- No. 332. An Old Man's Sacrifice. By Mrs. ANN STEPHENS.
- No. 333. Under the Lilacs. By author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 334. A Low Marriage. By MISS MULLOCK. Illustrated.
- No. 335. A Wicked Girl. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 336. The Pearl of the Ocean. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
- No. 337. The Old Oak Chest. By SYLVANUS CORB, JR.
- No. 338. The California Cabin. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 339. The Foretell Rubies. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 340. The Diamond Bracelet. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Illustrated.
- No. 341. Cliff House. By ETTA W. PIERCE.
- No. 342. Agatha's History. By MARGARET BLOUNT.
- No. 343. Out of the Sea. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
- No. 344. The Story of a Storm. By Mrs. JANE G. AUSTIN.
- No. 345. The Evil Genius. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 346. The Mystery at Blackwood Grange. By Mrs. MARY AGNES FLEMING.
- No. 347. The Last of the Ruthvens. By MISS MULLOCK. Illustrated.
- No. 348. The Horwack Farm Mystery. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated.
- No. 349. Out of the Depths. By HUGH CONWAY.
- No. 350. Retribution. By MARGARET BLOUNT.
- No. 351. A Tale of Sin. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 352. A Fortune Hunter. By ANNIE THOMAS. Illustrated.
- No. 353. Wedded and Parted. By author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 354. The Knightbridge Mystery. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated.
- No. 355. Ingledew House. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 356. A Passive Crime. By "THE DUCHESS."
- No. 357. Rose Lodge. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 358. A Bridge of Love. By the author of "Dora Thorne."

Hanging Up His Stocking.

"Are you going to hang up your stocking this year?" asked one young man of another.

"No; I am not," was the short, sharp reply.

"Well, you needn't be so cranky about it," was the answer.

"Well, I have good reason to be 'cranky,'" was the answer. "To ask a man who hung up his overcoat last summer and hasn't got it out yet if he is going to hang up his stocking is a positive insult. I don't like the word at all. Do you think I am going barefooted?"—Elmira Gazette.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

The Boar's Head.

It is said that the Christmas celebration of the "Boar's Head" at Oxford college is commemorative of an act of valor performed by a student of the college who, while walking in a neighboring forest and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously and "with a happy presence of mind," rammed the volume down its throat, crying '*Græcum est*,' fairly choking the savage with the sage."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

POETICAL WORKS.

- No. 111. Poems, by Henry W. Longfellow. No one can afford to be without this collection of poems by the master of American poetry. Illustrated.
- No. 112. Poems, by John G. Whittier. The only cheap edition published—should be in every household. Illustrated.
- No. 46. Jean Ingelow's Poems. All the finest works of this great poetess are given in this book.
- No. 34. The Lady of the Lake. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. A romance in verse.
- No. 1. Poems, by Alfred Tennyson. This work contains some of his finest compositions.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

- No. 222. Modern Recitations. A large collection of the most popular recitations in prose and verse.
- No. 221. Gulliver's Travels. The remarkable adventures of Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians and Giants.
- No. 163. Popular Recitations and Dialogues, humorous, dramatic and pathetic, including all the latest and most popular.
- No. 158. Round the Evening Lamp. A book of stories, pictures, puzzles and games, for the little folks at home.
- No. 114. Parlor Amusements. A large collection of Acting Characters, Parlor Dramas, Shadow Pantomimes, Games, Puzzles, etc. Illustrated.
- No. 61. Dialogues, Recitations and Readings, a large and choice collection for school exhibitions, etc.
- No. 55. Winter Evening Recitations, a large collection of Acting Characters, Tableaux, Games, Puzzles, etc. Illustrated.
- No. 54. Parlor Music and Chemical Experiments. A book which teaches to perform hundreds of amusing tricks.
- No. 35. Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young. The finest collection of fairy stories published.

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

- No. 162. The Self-Made Men of Modern Times. Contains portraits and biographies of famous self-made Americans.
- No. 112. The Life of Gen. U. S. Grant. By W. A. PETERS. With portraits and other illustrations.
- No. 9. Distinguished People. This work contains portraits and biographies of our celebrated Statesmen, Authors, Poets, Editors, Clergymen, Financiers, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- No. 220. The People's Natural History. Containing interesting descriptions, accompanied by illustrations of numerous birds, fishes, insects, etc.
- No. 219. Selections for Autograph Albums, Valentines, Wedding Anniversaries, Birthday Greetings and Bouquet Presentations. A large and valuable collection.
- No. 218. Ballads of the War. A collection of patriotic and soul stirring poems, written during the war for the Union.
- No. 217. Perfect Etiquette; or, How to Behave in Society. A complete manual for ladies and gentlemen, giving the correct rules of deportment for all occasions.
- No. 167. Wonders of the Sea. A description of the many wonderful and marvellous things found at the bottom of the ocean, with profuse illustrations.
- No. 166. Wonders of the World, Natural and Other. Contains descriptions and illustrations of the most wonderful works of nature and of man. Very interesting and instructive.
- No. 165. Familiar Quotations. Containing the origin and authorship of many phrases frequently met in reading and conversation. A valuable work of reference.
- No. 161. Life in New York. A series of vivid pen pictures showing the dark side of life in the great city.
- No. 157. The Road to Wealth. Not an advertising circular, but a thoroughly practical work, pointing out a way by which all may make money, easily, rapidly, and honestly.
- No. 130. One Hundred Popular Songs, sentimental, pathetic and comic, and including most of the new songs, new and old.
- No. 113. Anecdotes of the Rebellion. A collection of humorous, pathetic and thrilling narratives of the war.
- No. 60. Useful Knowledge for the Million, a handy book of useful information for all, upon many and various subjects. Illustrated.
- No. 67. Manners and Customs in Far Away Lands, a book of travels, describing the peculiar life, habits, manners and customs of the people of foreign countries. Illustrated.
- No. 53. The Standard Letter Writer for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence, giving plain directions for the composition of letters of every kind.
- No. 52. Manual of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen, a guide to politeness and good breeding, giving the rules of modern etiquette for all occasions.
- No. 47. The Cities of the New World. A description of all points of interest relating to nearly every important city of America, illustrated with bird's-eye views of each city described.
- No. 8. The History and Mystery of Common Things. This work tells all about the manufacture of the common and familiar things which we see every day about us. Illustrated.

N.B.—Any of the foregoing numbers of THE LEISURE HOUR LIBRARY will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of price only three cents each. Customers will observe the economy in postage and stationery secured by ordering several numbers at a time. Postage stamps will be received as cash. Patrons will please order by the numbers; when these are plainly given, to write the name of the story or work is unnecessary. Address the Publisher, as below.

DOUBLE NUMBERS, SIX CENTS EACH.

- The following are Double Numbers, just twice the size of the foregoing. They comprise the longer novels, and we send any of them by mail post-paid upon receipt of price, six cents each:
- No. 126. The Island Prisoner. By M. T. CALDWELL.
- No. 109. His Second Wife. By MISS M. E. BRADDON. Illustrated.
- No. 108. At Bay. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. Illustrated.
- No. 107. Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By GEORGE ELIOT.
- No. 106. That Beautiful Wretch. By WILLIAM BLACK.
- No. 105. The Haunted Tower. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 104. In Winter City. By "OUTDA."
- No. 102. At War with Himself. By author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 42. The Shadow of a Sin. By author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 41. Brenda Yorke. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 40. Lil. By Mrs. FETHERSTONEHAUGH.
- No. 39. Sister Doris. By MARGARET LONDALE. Illustrated.
- No. 38. The Captain's Room. By WALTER BESANT.
- No. 37. Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
- No. 30. A Strange Retribution. By Mrs. R. B. FUSON.
- No. 28. Parson Garland's Daughter. By MISS MULLOCK.
- No. 26. The Two Destinies. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- No. 24. Lord Lynne's Choice. By author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 20. Bread and Cheese and Kisses. By B. L. FARJEON.
- No. 19. Rachel Gray. By JULIA KAVANAGH.
- No. 18. Silas Marner. By GEORGE ELIOT.
- No. 17. A Star and a Heart. By FLORENCE MARRIAT.
- No. 16. Cousin Henry. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
- No. 15. Christian's Mistake. By MISS MULLOCK.
- No. 14. Durrell Markham. By MISS M. E. BRADDON.
- No. 13. Dora Thorne. By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEM.
- No. 12. Second Thoughts. By RHODA BROUGHTON.
- No. 11. My Lady's Money. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated.

Agents wanted, to whom we will send terms on application. All orders should be addressed:

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher,
No. 63 Murray St., New York.

An Expensive Story.

There is a story that was told a hundred years ago. The great-grandfathers of some of us read it in such newspapers as they had when the nineteenth century was young, and the day has not passed since in which multitudes have not read it in newspapers, magazines and in books. It is said that in this year of grace, 1889, it has cost to tell this story over five hundred thousand dollars.

What story? you say.

It is a short one—very short—no plot worth speaking of, no humor, no pathos. It is told in a few words: "Pears' Soap, Unequalled, Unexcelled, the Best."

That's all. A mere synopsis, of course. Sometimes more of our beautiful United States language is used in telling the story, but it is not necessary. A. & F. Pears began the manufacture of their soap away back in Anno Domini seventeen hundred and something. Their descendants are to-day making, advertising and selling the same soap—a soap that outranks all other soaps in the quantity sold, which is a good proof of its excellence.

Mr. Barratt, the active member of the firm of A. & F. Pears, a few years ago, after having conquered the old world, reached out to the United States with his advertisements. The result is that to-day there is hardly a hamlet in the United States in which Pears' Soap cannot be bought. The advertising must have been profitable, for we have it on good authority, that of the half million dollars annually spent by this firm for advertising, over one hundred thousand is spent in the United States. This enormous sum passes through the hands of the J. H. Bates Advertising Agency, of New York. Messrs. Pears have their own offices and warehouses in New York, but the Bates Agency attends to all their advertising business. Mr. Bates has been in the advertising business for many

years, and it is no reflection on other excellent agencies to say that Mr. Bates handles larger contracts and does more business than any other advertising agency in the world. So thoroughly established, and so well systematized is Mr. Bates' business that he has been able to spend all of last summer abroad, without detriment to his own interest or to that of his clients. He has a corps of experienced lieutenants, who in their respective departments have few equals, and certainly no superiors. The chief of these being Mr. Lyman D. Morse, who in the absence of Mr. Bates has the responsible charge of his immense business, and who in addition to large advertising outlays of other clients, has—under the instruction of Mr. Barratt—the supervision of all of Pears' Soap advertising done in the United States. The proof that he does well what is intrusted to him is to be found in the fact that the great advertising business of Pears continues to be placed in the hands of The Bates Agency from year to year. Mr. Barratt is a pioneer in artistic advertising and by his genius has done more to make advertisements attractive, and has originated more new features in advertising than has any other man in any line of business. He has paid many thousand pounds to sculptors and artists for their works, that have become the property of Pears, and have been used by them in giving publicity to the merits of their world-famed soap, notably that great picture "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais, and the sculptured group called "You Dirty Boy!" by Focardi, which cost \$3,000.

So much has Mr. Barratt done for art in advertising, that recently, at a banquet given to him at the Hotel Monopole, in London, in celebration of the centenary of the Pears' establishment, the representatives of the English and American press presented him with a service of plate, of the value of over one thousand pounds.



WHY IT IS CALLED CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

MR. ROUNDTOP—Why do they call it Christmas-tide, Portly?

MR. PORTLY—Because there are so many weddings, perhaps. Christmas-tied. See?

I thought it was because so many were trying to tide over it.

1890. Now is the Time to Subscribe! 1890.



"The Best Periodicals for Family Reading."

Harper's Magazine,

\$4 a year. Issued monthly.

Harper's Weekly,

\$4 a year. Issued weekly.

Harper's Bazar,

\$4 a year. Issued weekly.

Harper's Young People,

\$2 a year. Issued weekly.

Postage Free in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

"No Family can afford to be without them."

APPLY TO YOUR BOOKSELLER, NEWSDEALER, OR TO THE

PUBLISHERS, HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A Long-felt Want.

Mrs. Grigs—"What are you going to give your husband Christmas?"

Mrs. Grog—"A theatre outfit."

Mrs. Grigs—"For the land's sake, what's that?"

Mrs. Grog—"A nursing-bottle, a package of cloves and a chain and padlock."

—Lowell Citizen.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.

Sweet Faith of Childhood.

"Do you know," said a clerk in the post-office to-day, "that we handle hundreds of letters every day at this time of the year addressed to 'Kris Kringle,' 'St. Nicholas' and 'Santa Claus?' It is true, and some of the letters would make your heart go right out to the little ones who write them."—Philadelphia Call.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Smith—"I hear you fought at Gettysburg."

Robinson—"Yes, and was badly wounded."

"Where?"

"In my substitute."—The Epoch.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ONEITA

Chemists have made careful analysis of this water and find that it possesses rare mineral qualities, especially valuable in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles. It is largely used by physicians with the most gratifying results.

Send for circulars and analysis.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY.

UTICA, N. Y.

J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

**Arnold,
Constable & Co.**

SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS.

SILKS.—Regence Satin Unis, Bengalline and Velourine in new shades.

Brocade and Damasse Stuffs.
Broche and Metal Effects.

EVENING DRESS STUFFS.—Novelties—Crepes Grenadines, Gazes and Marabout in Broche, Damasse and Plain Colors. Very handsome styles landed this week.

Broadway & 19th St

NEW YORK.